



NUTTY PROFESSOR

By

Barry Blaustein and David Sheffield

Rewrite by

Tom Shadyac and Steve Oedekerk

First Draft
February 1, 1995

COPYRIGHT 1995 IMAGINE ENTERTAINMENT. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. No portion of this script may be performed, produced, or used in any form or by any means, or quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Imagine Entertainment, 1925 Century Park East, Suite 2300, Los Angeles, California 90067.

INT. AIR VENT

CLOSE ON - A HAMSTER

Coming right at us. The hamster makes its way through the narrow maze.

ANGLE - HEATER VENT

A little hamster head pushes out, looks around.

HAMSTER POV - A CLASSROOM

A Teacher lectures a class of college students.

The Hamster cocks it's head, intrigued.

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE QUAD - DAY

What every college should look like. Red brick and Ivy.

Students hike and bike to class. A perfect setting.

A group of visiting DIGNITARIES touring the campus, unknowingly walk by a HAMSTER scurrying out of a gutter.

A few more run along the edge of the building.

Kids continue to and fro, oblivious.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

ON TV

An infomercial/exercise guru, LANCE PERKINS, (played by Eddie) leads a group of hefty women in leotards through a workout routine to the song "Do the Locomotion."

LANCE PERKINS

Come on, girls..let's shed that cellulite. Lose that body meringue.

(singing)

Come on baby, let's get that tush in motion.

A huge pair of pants are laid out on a bed. These suckers could tarp an infield.

KITCHEN

A refrigerator door opens, revealing a little plastic pig.

FRIDGE PIG

Oink! Oink! Oink!

A hefty hand grabs a Lance Perkins Diet Meal.

CLOSE ON - THE LANCE PERKINS DIET MEAL

Tin foil is peeled back revealing tiny morsels of food.

CLOSE ON - A STOMACH

Reflected in a mirror. A huge belly is squeezed into a pair of slacks.

CLOSE ON - SPORTS COAT

Pens are slipped into the left pocket, a Lance Perkins Snack Bar in the right.

INT./EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A few more hamsters exit the heating duct, weave in between students' feet.

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Hamsters pour out of a basement well.

Hamsters scamper over the feet of the DIGNITARIES, they back against a wall, frightened.

Hamsters scurry across a bike path. Two CYCLISTS veer off into a ravine.

A GUY and a GIRL seated on grass. A hamster runs up the guy's pants leg. The girl sees the big bulge, smiles sexily.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A gazillion hamsters spill out of the heating duct.

STUDENTS start to notice and freak!

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

A cocky cat chases one hamster around a corner. The cat reappears, running for its life from 300 hamsters.

A line of hamsters cross the street. A car skids to a halt and--SMASH--is rear-ended!

A MOVIE POSTER featuring a full size RICHARD GERE. A hamster chews his way through the paper and seemingly runs out Richard's butt. An endless line of hamsters stream out.

SOMEONE'S POV

of the insanity below...

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Hamsters climb all over DEAN RICHMOND who watches the mayhem from his window. His SECRETARY is next to him.

DEAN RICHMOND
Get Klump in here now!

CUT TO:

VIP-VIP-VIP!

CORDUROY PANTS rubbing together at the inner thigh.

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Meet PROFESSOR SHERMAN KLUMP. Tipping the scales at 400+.

Seemingly oblivious to his weight. He's got great energy and an upbeat attitude, greeting people along the way.

ANGLE - KIDS

Five of them, hiding in the bushes. Eleven, tough.

KID'S POV

Sherman approaching. The TOUGH KID leader, raises a Radio Shack walkie-talkie.

TOUGH KID
There she blows, twelve o'clock.

The other kids respond, positioning themselves in military fashion.

Sherman passes and AMBUSH! The little pricks leap out, squirt Sherman in the ass with a Supersoaker and race away laughing.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
You got me again, very funny.

CAMPUS

Students shout greetings to the Professor. He is definitely well liked here.

FOOTBALL FIELD

The Professor walks by the marching band. A TUBA PLAYER hits some LOW NOTES to accent Sherman's gait. Another band member elbows him in the arm, tells him to knock it off.

Sherman slows to a stop, his eyes widen...

SHERMAN'S POV

An ARMY OF HAMSTERS overtaking the campus!

Screaming students bolt from buildings. Doors fly open. People flee. Hamsters everywhere!

Hamsters cover the Wellman College sign. One runs inside the "O" in College, making it spin like a hamster-wheel.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Oh, my.

Dean Richmond's Secretary fights her way through it all to find Sherman.

Three hamsters take refuge, running into a tube. PULL BACK to reveal it's a LEAF BLOWER.

A GARDENER picks up the blower, pulls the start cord and...

FOOM-FOOM-FOOM! Three hamsters get launched!

A CO-ED prepares for a bite of a sub sandwich - a hamster shoots in the back end.

CO-ED'S POV

A cute little hamster face peeking out between the buns. She SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

The SECRETARY looks up and a hamster shoots into the bun in her hair, gets tangled. She SCREAMS!

CUT TO:

STUFFY FEMALE DIGNITARY POV

of a hamster flying right at her! She SCREAMS and THWOP! It wedges right in her open mouth. She faints, falls backward.

ALARMS sound. People run. Chaos!

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sherman enters.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Good morning, sir. Sorry I'm a bit late but--

DEAN RICHMOND

Sit.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

About this morning--

DEAN RICHMOND

Sit!

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, why don't I just take a seat.

Sherman uncomfortably squeezes into a chair way too thin for his rear. The silence is deafening.

DEAN RICHMOND

Three weeks, Klump. The Hartley Research Grant is to be awarded in three weeks and you managed to turn the entire campus into a habitrail!

PROFESSOR KLUMP

First sir, I can assure you that my staff and I are handling the--

DEAN RICHMOND

Do you know who Miss Vindovik is?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, sir. She's on the board of directors for the Hartley Foundation. A lovely woman. I believe she was visiting the school this morning.

DEAN RICHMOND

She was visiting the school this morning. Now she's visiting her therapist. Trying to purge the memory of nearly devouring a gerbil.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Hamster, sir. You see, gerbils have a more streamlined--

DEAN RICHMOND

Whatever!

(calming himself)

We are at a crisis point, Klump. 10 million dollars are at stake here. We're up against Cal Tech, M.I.T., Harvard, all the big brain barns. How do you think your little escapade this morning looks?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, sir, I do always like to focus on the positive, sir, what the board members saw were 5000 healthy hamsters bred from a genetically deficient hereditary line. It's very exciting.

DEAN RICHMOND

Do I look excited, Klump?

Dean Richmond glares at Sherman, incredibly pissed.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, maybe you're one of those people that holds their enthusiasm on the inside, like--

DEAN RICHMOND

Watch my mouth closely, Klump. Savor every movement, as I form these words:
(speaks slowly)
I want the grant awarded to this school...

SHERMAN'S POV

of a hamster, crawling on the shelf directly above the Dean's coffee cup.

As Richmond talks, the rodent hangs his ass over the ledge.

CLOSE ON - DEAN RICHMOND'S COFFEE CUP

PLUNK! A tiny splash. Sherman winces.

DEAN RICHMOND

...The Hartley breakfast is one week from Thursday.

(off Sherman's upward gaze)

Klump, are you listening to me?

PLUNK! Another direct hit.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, sir, I, ah, look forward to meeting Mr. Hartley.

DEAN RICHMOND

Don't. You're never going to meet him. I don't want you within ten miles of that breakfast. You just write up a proposal. I'll handle Hartley. This is too important.

The Dean picks up his cup, starts to take a sip, but hesitates. Sherman tracks the cup with his eyes.

DEAN RICHMOND

(continuing)

Now, run along, and make this school proud.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

But, sir--

DEAN RICHMOND

Don't press it, Klump.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, sir.

Sherman leaves.

The Dean settles back. Raises his cup, takes a sip.

The Dean gets a repulsed look and SPLASH! The ENTIRE HAMSTER falls in his cup, drenching him in coffee. The Dean fumes.

INT. LAB - DAY

Members of the Professor's staff mill around, returning hamsters to their cages.

The Professor enters. His assistant, JASON, rushes over.

JASON

Professor Klump! The cages, what happened?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I don't know, Jason.

(steps in front of a
red button)

I distinctly remember locking up.

(pushes the button)

After that I just grabbed my portfolio...

As the Professor turns, his enormous rear end pushes the red button, it lights green.

60 cages with clear lucite doors automatically swing open.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

...then turned off the lights and...

(seeing the open
doors)

Oh.

The staff immediately begins shutting the cage doors and capturing newly escaping hamsters.

JASON

Shelly's the only one that didn't get out.

The Professor looks to a cage near his computer.

CLOSE ON - SHELLEY THE HAMSTER

Huge by hamster proportions. Looks like a fur ball with a head. The animal equivalent of the Professor.

The Professor leans over affectionately.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

How are we doing today, Shelley?

The Professor raises an eyedropper, dripping one drop of liquid onto a sunflower seed. He feeds it to Shelley.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

Any progress?

Jason taps a couple keys on the computer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

A wire-frame image of an overweight hamster. Code scrolls through on the right.

JASON

She's lost three ounces since the last feeding. Definite changes in the genetic DNA. We'll have to greatly increase the formula to see any profound effects.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(stroking the
hamster's head)
One step at a time, Jason. We don't
want to jeopardize Shelley. Keep the
feedings as scheduled.

PROFESSOR DERRICK FLACK enters the room. Suave, pompous,
dressed to the T.

DERRICK FLACK
Too bad about the little mishap,
Sherman. You know the grant
committee was...

PROFESSOR KLUMP
I'm very aware, Derrick, thank-you.

Derrick pulls up a paper bag.

DERRICK FLACK
Oh, by the way, one of your little
rats made his way into my testing
area.

He hands the bag to Sherman. Sherman looks inside and frowns.

DERRICK FLACK
(continuing)
It might be better for their health
if you keep them contained.

Derrick smirks, turns and leaves.

JASON
I really hate that--

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Jason, Mr. Flack is a Professor at
this University.

JASON
Yes, sir.

Sherman looks at his watch, his eyes widen.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Oh, dear.
(grabs his portfolio,
heads out)
Okay people, let's get some work
done, we've got a grant to win!

Sherman rushes out of the room.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The Professor is lecturing to his class.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

In a few weeks you will all graduate. The things we have discussed in this class you will see transpire in your lifetimes. The moral decisions will be in your hands. Should we use genetic engineering to prevent disease? The answer seems obvious. But how about to prevent people from being bald or short or fat or left-handed? Or how about to custom design our children?

(young father)

"What do you think, honey? Blue eyes or brown?"

(young mother)

"I don't know. Something to match the wallpaper."

The class, as usual, is enjoying his lecture.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

These are not fantasies. The technology is here.

MALE STUDENT

Hey Professor, do you think they could genetically pre-install the answers to the final?

The class laughs.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, that depends Richie. They might first have to find a pure brain, lacking any degree of knowledge.

(focusing on Richie)

Hmmm. Where might they find such a brain?

The class laughs harder. Richie joins in.

The BELL RINGS. The class is out of there.

The Professor stands totally alone, always amused by the hurried exit.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing; to no
one)
Class dismissed.

The Professor reaches into a container of sour balls, on his desk. Pops several in his mouth.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Professor Klump?

The Professor turns, sees...

CARLA PURDY, bright, attractive, standing in the doorway.

Sherman is swept away by her natural beauty. His cheeks bulge from the sourballs. He tries to cover.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(mouth stuffed)
Herro.

He swallows the sour-balls whole.

CARLA
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
interrupt. I was just looking for...

PROFESSOR KLUMP
No, it's fine. I am him-- I am he--
I am he for who you are looking.
(calms down a bit)
I am Sherman Klump.

The Professor raises his hand, accidentally knocking over the entire jar of sourballs, which go rolling across the floor like marbles.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing; covering)
Don't worry about that, I always do
that. I like the colors, so many, so
bright...

CARLA
Would another time be better?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
No! Ah, this time is the
better...est.

CARLA

My name's Carla Purdy. I'm a big fan of your work. When I was an undergraduate at Tulane, we studied your theory on the genetic template. I think it's brilliant.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Really? Well, I am, ah fatter-- flattered. What can I do for you, Miss Purdy?

CARLA

I've been hired by the College to oversee this years commencement ceremony-- I'm a special events coordinator-- and Dean Richmond informed me you're very close to getting a grant?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Oh, yes, ah, nothing is certain of course.

CARLA

I thought it would be a great idea to incorporate it into the graduation. Sort of marrying the two celebrations. What do you think?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Marriage, yes. I love the idea.

CARLA

Great, here's my card. Call me if there's any news about the grant.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Your card....

(taking card)

It's very nice, all precise right angles, nice workmanship.

Carla smiles, heads out. At the doorway, she stops and turns back.

CARLA

Professor?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Ah, yes, Miss Purdy?

CARLA

I hope this doesn't seem too forward,
but I'm really attracted to an ample
man.

The Professor's jaw drops. Carla slinks toward him.

CARLA

(continuing)

From the moment I saw you, it took
every ounce of strength I have to
keep from throwing myself at you.

Carla begins rubbing the Professor's lapels. He is stunned.

CARLA

(continuing)

I'm tired of all these muscle-bound,
thin, athletic looking men. I need
a man of size. I need a man with
brains. Every atom of my body is
screaming: Take him. Take his photo.
Take his photo! Take his photo!!

CLOSE ON - SHERMAN

stunned and confused.

ANGLE - CARLA

Standing at the doorway, just as before. We have been
witnessing a FANTASY of the Professors.

CARLA

Professor, your photo? Would it be
possible to take your photo for the
program?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Oh, yes, ah, I'm always available.

Carla smiles sweetly.

CARLA

Great, I'll send someone by the lab.

She leaves. The Professor sighs.

INT. SHERMAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sherman's family sits at the dinner table. Sherman, PAPA
KLUMP, MAMA KLUMP, brother DENZEL, nephew DENZEL JR., and
his GRANNY. (All parts played by Eddie)

They are all fat. A plethora of food is arrayed on the table. Mama Klump sets down a mound of fried chicken.

MAMA KLUMP

There. That'll get you started,
while I finish the rest.

She heads back into the kitchen.

PAPA KLUMP

(to Sherman)

Damn boy, it's good to see you. You
never come around anymore.

DENZEL

Yeah, Sherman, you never come around.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, I've been very busy with my
research, Ernie.

DENZEL

Denzel.

Sherman shoots him a puzzled look.

DENZEL

(continuing)

Well, I figure if I'm going to walk
through life as the spitting image of
Denzel Washington, we might as well
share the name.

Denzel pats the goofy-lookin' buck-toothed kid sitting next
to him.

DENZEL

(continuing)

And this here is now Denzel Jr.

Denzel Jr. giggles and snorts.

GRANNY

(blurting out)

My day, we didn't go changin' our
names. I had a cousin... named
Buffalo Chip. He wore that name and
he wore it proud!

Granny's intensity causes her to choke.

PAPA KLUMP

There she goes, cover your plates!

Mama Klump enters carrying two more large platters of food.

MAMA KLUMP

Okay, everybody, dig in.

They do. Arms and large spoons everywhere. Mama Klump loads up a big wooden bowl for Granny, so she won't spill.

Sherman plucks a few pieces of tomato out of the salad. Takes a tiny piece of chicken.

MAMA KLUMP

(continuing)

Sherman baby, is that all you're gonna eat?

Sherman pulls the skin off of the tiny piece of chicken.

PAPA KLUMP

What are you doin', boy? You're supposed to eat that thing, not scalp it!

PROFESSOR KLUMP

The skin of the chicken has all the fat and calories.

MAMA KLUMP

I worry about you son.

(strokes Sherman's
plumb cheeks)

Look at his face, Clive. Does it seem drawn to you?

PAPA KLUMP

It's all this damn television! Keep throwing all these anorexics at us, tell us that's healthy. I know healthy!

He takes a big bite of some cheese-dripping casserole.

PAPA KLUMP

(continuing)

I don't want to hear about fat-free this, fat-free that! Your Mother brought home that "Can't Believe It's Not Butter." I could believe it! I can't believe I didn't vomit!

Clears his food with a big chug of milk.

PAPA KLUMP

(continuing)

Everybody tryin' to be twiggy today.
Look at Oprah. She looks terrible.
Like a skeleton with a microphone.
Damn sin. Make fifty million
dollars, live on rice and tea.

MAMA KLUMP

She does look sick. I hope Oprah
isn't sick.

GRANNY

If you wanna make Okra, you get you
some butter, half a tin of pig lard,
grease that pan up till it's nice
and--

PAPA KLUMP

When is somebody gonna' put this old
bag of seed out of her misery?

MAMA KLUMP

Clive, now you don't talk about Mama
like that.

DENZEL

Sherman, you're problem is you don't
work out. Look at me.

Denzel stands and shadow boxes. His big belly swinging
around.

DENZEL

(continuing)

It ain't about losin' weight, you
just got to turn that fat into
muscle. Once your metabolism speeds
up like mine, you can eat whatever
you want.

Denzel pours river of gravy over the items on his plate.

PAPA KLUMP

Amen.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Actually, recent research has proved
the existence of a fat gene.

PAPA KLUMP

Fat jeans! Point me in that
direction.

(more)

PAPA KLUMP (cont'd)

I've been wearin' sweatpants for the last thirty years. How is it somebody came up with fat jeans and I never heard anything about it. I'm tellin' ya, the news is useless! What's that guys name? That Spock-lookin' sucker?

MAMA KLUMP

Sam Donaldson.

PAPA KLUMP

Yeah, somebody should beam his ass to a good story.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Dad, what I'm trying to say is scientific breakthroughs are happening all the time.

MAMA KLUMP

I think I know what you're talking about, Sherman. I did see this one show about colon cleansing. They said everybody should have one.

PAPA KLUMP

Colon cleansing? You want a colon cleansing?

(rips one)

There. My colon's clean. We're talkin' squeaky!

Denzel really laughs. Denzel Jr. giggles so hard milk spills out his nose.

MAMA KLUMP

Clive, not at the dinner table.

Granny looks back and forth.

GRANNY

What was that? Somebody call me?

PAPA KLUMP

Sure! If your name's...
(rips one)

Denzel and son really lose it. Milk streams out of both noses. Denzel Jr. even passes a few peas.

Papa Klump cracks up, milk spews from his nose.

Sherman sits reserved, picking at his tomatoes.

INT. SHERMAN'S PARENT'S HOUSE - AT THE DOOR - NIGHT

Mama Klump leads Sherman out.

MAMA KLUMP

Don't you worry about what your
Father says. Listen to me son...

(looks deeply at
Sherman)

You are special. And when the good
Lord made you, he made you beautiful
inside and out. You just have to
believe in yourself, Sherman. You
believe in yourself and you can do
anything.

Mama Klump kisses Sherman, closes the door. Sherman mulls
over his mother's words.

EXT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A quaint 2 story duplex.

Sherman stands on the sidewalk, at the bottom of the
apartment steps. He checks the address on a slip of paper.

Sherman paces a bit, looks up at the building, takes a deep
breath and proceeds.

TOP OF THE STAIRS

Sherman stands before the door, looks at the doorbell.
Slowly reaches out and pushes it. It rings.

Sherman is suddenly hit with a big wave of "What am I doing?"
He turns and begins to quickly run away, down the steps.

CARLA opens the door.

CARLA

Professor?

Sherman turns at the bottom of the steps, tries to think fast.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes! I was...doin' a little step
aerobics on my way up.

He begins stepping up and down on the bottom step.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

And, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred. There.

Sherman proceeds back up the steps.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

Yes, I, ah, looked you up in the phonebook. I hope you don't mind.

CARLA

Not at all Professor, what do you need?

The big moment.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I thought perhaps if you weren't doing anything one evening, you know, tired, and needing a break, or if you get hungry and have to go out to dinner anyway...

Carla smiles, as Sherman continues his struggle. She can see where this is leading.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

Well, I just thought that maybe, rather than being totally alone on that particular occasion, that, well...

CARLA

Are you asking me on a date, Professor?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

A date. Well, I...yes.

CARLA

That's sweet, I'd love to.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

You would?

(excited)

Oh, my, well, anywhere you'd like to go would be just... perfect.

CARLA

Well, my friends and I sometimes hang out at the Primal Scream.

(more)

CARLA (cont'd)
(looks at the
Professor)
But maybe that's too...

PROFESSOR KLUMP
No, no, that sounds just terrific.
Screaming is a good thing, clears the
epiglottis.

CARLA
(laughs)
Okay, how's Friday.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Friday, yes. What a terrific day.

CARLA
I have some work to finish up in
town, why don't I meet you there at
eight o'clock.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Eight o'clock.

CARLA
Great, I'll see you then. Good-night.

She closes the door. Sherman stands there, savors the moment.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sherman bounces along, all excited, singing a home-made song.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(singing)
I going on a date.
I know this date is great.
Her name's Carla not Kate.
Balloons sometimes deflate.

Sherman stops, noticing a FINE CLOTHING STORE. He smiles,
eagerly approaches the door and rings the bell.

A STUFFY CLOTHING SALESMAN opens the door, looks Sherman up
and down.

CLOTHING SALESMAN
I'm sorry, sir, we don't cater to...
We're closed, sir.

The door closes. Sherman brushes it off, continues merrily
down the street.

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sherman peels the foil back on a Lance Perkins Diet Dinner.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(still singing)

Friday night at eight

She will be my mate.

I'll lock her in a crate.

Donald Trump has a large estate.

Sherman flips on the TV.

ON TV

LANCE PERKINS

There's a thin person inside each of
you just waiting to get out. Give
yourselves a hug and say, "Yes, I
can. Yes, I can."

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, I can.

CLICK: "THE PHIL RINGER SHOW"

PHIL RINGER, schlock talk-show host, prowls through the
crowd. A panel of heavy set guests, sit on the stage.

PHIL RINGER

We have an opinion.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

(accusing)

I don't see why you don't just not
eat.

CLICK: SUZANNE SOMMERS pushes the Thigh Master III.

SUZANNE SOMMERS

And in only 3 minutes a week...

CLICK: A ROMANTIC MOVIE on TV. A couple, very much in love,
run on a beach.

This gets Sherman's attention. He sits up and smiles,
fantasizing...

SHERMAN'S POV

It's CARLA on the screen now. She's running in SUPER SLOW
MOTION along the waters edge.

CUT TO:

SHERMAN running in SUPER SLOW MOTION toward her. Both wear swim suits.

CLOSE ON - CARLA'S BOUNCING BREASTS.

CLOSE ON - SHERMAN'S BREASTS BOUNCING EVEN MORE.

They continue to run longingly to each other.

Romantic music swells.

They are almost in each other's arms.

Suddenly, Carla's expression changes. Her eyes open wide in horror!

Sherman tries to slow himself down but he can't, and...

BAMMM! Sherman SLAMS into Carla. She FLIES OFF SCREEN.

SMASH CUT TO:

A body on a gurney covered in a sheet.

A police helicopter circles overhead, as PARAMEDICS load the body into an ambulance.

One paramedic turns to Sherman. It's a familiar face.

PARAMEDIC/LANCE PERKINS

You're pathetic. Pathetic! Pathetic!!

SMASH CUT TO:

SHERMAN

waking up. Lance is on TV again.

LANCE PERKINS

Pathetic? You are not pathetic!

Sherman listens with interest.

LANCE PERKINS

(continuing)

Pounds don't lose themselves. You have to work, work, work.

(straight into camera)

C'mon people! Get up off that couch. Take charge of your life. C'mon everybody, say "Yes, I can".

AUDIENCE

Yes, I can!

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(this time with
determination)
Yes, I can!

CUT TO:

MUSIC UP:

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

An advanced AEROBICS class. Sherman struggles to keep up.
It is futile.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

Sherman WEIGHS IN at 350. A HEALTH INSTRUCTOR, clip board in hand, notices something.

HEALTH INSTRUCTOR
Professor?

We see that the Professor is subtly leaning on a table.
Caught, he removes his hand.

The scale shoots up to 408.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

A TRAMPOLINE AEROBICS class. People bouncing to the beat.
Reveal Sherman just standing there, the springs stretched all the way to the floor.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

A guy expertly jumps rope. SHERMAN is right next to the guy matching him move for move, but WITHOUT A ROPE.

The Instructor approaches, hands Sherman a rope.

Sherman starts again, taking one giant, awkward skip.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Sherman checks around to make sure he's alone, slides a small box to the cashier. He pays, then discreetly turns with the box and we see it's a SPORTS BRA.

INT. ACUPUNCTURE TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Sherman lies on a table with a few pins in him. A small ORIENTAL MAN stands over him.

ORIENTAL MAN
Still hungry?

Sherman nods, yes. The Doctor goes for more pins.

INT. HEALTH CLUB POOL - DAY

PAN ACROSS an AQUA-AEROBICS class jumping in unison. The splashes are getting bigger and bigger 'til we find Sherman, displacing water like crazy. The SHORT GUY next to him is swallowing tons of water.

CUT TO:

The Instructor is pounding on the Short Guy's chest, giving him CPR.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

A SLIDE AEROBICS class. Sherman travels IN AND OUT OF FRAME wildly flailing his arms.

On the last pass, Sherman doesn't return.

INT. ACUPUNCTURE TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Sherman has a lot more pins in him.

ORIENTAL MAN
Still hungry?

Sherman nods.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

Sherman's seated next to a sign that reads: "Guaranteed Weight Loss." A HEAVY WOMAN smiles super widely at Sherman. Her jaw has been GROTESQUELY WIRED SHUT.

HEAVY WOMAN
(through wire-
clenched teeth)
This doctor's just wonderful.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sherman purposefully enters a building. TILT UP to the sign: "Colon Cleansing Clinic". TILT BACK DOWN to Sherman rushing out pursued by a man with a huge hose.

INT. ACUPUNCTURE TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Sherman is totally covered with pins, from head to toe. He looks like Hellraiser. The Doctor is spent.

ORIENTAL MAN
Maybe you try Jenny Craig.

INT. HEALTH CLUB - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Sherman in the AEROBICS CLASS, keeping up with the others.

Sherman JUMPING ROPE now, doing great.

Sherman at a SPEED BAG, dancing and weaving like a pro.

Sherman back at the WEIGH IN. He's nervous. CLOSE ON THE DIGITAL SCALE: The numbers climb. 350-375-399...399.8.

HEALTH INSTRUCTOR
Just under 400. Don't worry,
Professor. One step at a time.

The Instructor walks off.

Sherman stands quietly for a second, then THRUSTS BOTH OF HIS ARMS IN THE AIR, IN TRIUMPH!

EXT. HEALTH CLUB - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Sherman bursts out of the club. He dances around at the top of the steps, fists raised, like Rocky.

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A fire rages in the fireplace. Sherman tosses in his sports bra, liberated.

MUSIC OUT:

EXT. PRIMAL SCREAM - NIGHT

A hot nightclub. Young college kids drive up in their candy colored cars, showing off their stylish clothes.

The Professor pulls up in his old Chrysler. People stare.

INT. PRIMAL SCREAM - NIGHT

Tres chic. A BAND is on stage playing hip, blues music. Others dine at tiny bistro tables. A dinner theatre feel.

BY THE ENTRANCE

Professor Klump enters. Even though surrounded by thin, beautiful people, his confidence is way up.

A male STUDENT recognizes Sherman.

STUDENT
Hey, Professor! What are you doin'
here?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Oh, well, I ah...
(with great pride)
have a date.

STUDENT
Alright, excellent!
(walking off)
Hey, lookin' good Professor.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Well, I feel good. Tip top shape.
Pants are fallin' off me.

Sherman turns to the hip, handsome, pony-tailed HOST.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing)
Yes, I have a--

HOST
Sorry, Pal, we're all full up.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
I do have a reservation.

The Host gets a "that's too bad" look, glances at the list.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing)
That's "Klump" with a "K."

HOST
Well, I'm afraid you'll have to
"wait" with a "w."

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(unfazed)
If my date arrives, I'll be at the
bar.

The Host doesn't care. Sherman heads to the bar.

SHERMAN'S POV:

Most of the youthful, fit patrons turn and look at Sherman approaching. A guy chuckles, a girl whispers to her date.

Oblivious to their stares. Sherman bounces to the funky music, trying to fit in, totally unhip.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Beat's good, feels good, feels right,
get down with that boogie.

CARLA (O.S.)

Professor?

Sherman turns and sees Carla. She is radiant. He smiles.

CARLA

You look terrific.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I, ah...Thank you. And you look, ah--

The Host interrupts.

HOST

Right this way.

The Host leads Carla and the Professor down a narrow aisle between the tightly packed tables.

The Professor involuntarily bumps into people, sloshing a drink or two out of their glasses.

They arrive at a stage-side table. The Host seats Carla, looks at the tiny area available for the Professor.

HOST

(continuing; to
Sherman)

Good luck.

The Host leaves.

Sherman pulls his chair back as far as possible, sits, and his entire stomach rests on the table, raises to his chest.

Luckily, Carla has turned to look at the stage. Sherman quickly tucks his belly under the table. Carla turns back.

CARLA

Great seats, huh?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

The best.

CARLA

I love the music here. They have some great blues bands on the weekends. Do you like the blues?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Absolutely. I mean, to listen to them. Not to have them.

She laughs.

CARLA

So, how's the grant going? I hear there's a big breakfast coming up with Harlan Hartley.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Oh, yes, I won't be attending. The Dean of course wants me to be there, but I'm up to my neck in research.

CARLA

Wasn't it a hamster that originally funded your research?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, Shelly. She had a little hereditary problem. How should I put it? Well, ah, basically, her glands had run amok. We were able to help her with a solution of recombinant DNA.

CARLA

You altered her genes?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Otherwise, Shelly would probably be in hamster heaven.

CARLA

I just think that is amazing, Professor.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Please, call me Sherman.

CARLA

Okay, Sherman.

A Busboy sets down two glasses of water. Carla raises her glass.

CARLA
(continuing)
To Shelly.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
To Shelly.

They drink.

CARLA
This is fun, I'm glad we did this.

Carla places her hand on the Professor's arm -- just a friendly gesture, but it's the most intimate experience he's ever had.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sherman and Carla enjoying dinner. They are engrossed in conversation. They seem to have a lot in common.

DISSOLVE TO:

Carla laughing hard at something Sherman has said. Sherman beams. This is the greatest night of his life.

The BAND stops playing.

UP ON THE STAGE

BAND LEADER
We'll be back in a minute. But
first, I want to introduce a special
guest. You've seen him on the Def
Jam many times. Give it up for my
man... Reggie Warrington!

REGGIE WARRINGTON enters doing the cabbage patch. He is the epitome of every profane, pointless comic ever seen on TV. Colorful clothes, big gap in his teeth.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
Hey-heywww ... ho-oooooo!
Hey-heywww ... ho-oooooo!

Reggie prowls the stage, energy flying.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
(continuing)
Women be shoppin'!
Women be shoppin'!
(high falsetto)
You can't stop women from shoppin'!
(beat)

Damn!

The crowd laughs. Sherman looks at Carla.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(chuckles)

It is true. Women do shop.

He's having the time of his life. Reggie digs into the crowd, picks a woman stage left.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

Yo, sister. What is that? A weave?
Look like a head full of curly fries!

Reggie targets a guy to her left.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

(continuing)

Look at this white dude. He's
sitting there going...

(generic white man
impression)

"What's a weave, exactly."

The crowd laughs. Sherman notices Reggie is moving in his direction.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

(continuing)

Look at this sister, she's got more
extensions than AT&T.

Sherman squirms in his chair, gets a very worried look.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(to Carla)

I'll be back in a few minutes.

Sherman gets up to leave, accidentally bumping his coat to the floor. He bends over to pick it up, when...

REGGIE WARRINGTON

Whooooooooo! Would you look at that!

The spotlight whips over and rests on Sherman's huge butt.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

(continuing)

Mercy! It is a full moon tonight!
Damn, I think I found where they hid
Jimmy Hoffa!

The crowd cracks up.

CLOSE ON - SHERMAN

Crouched down. A pained expression. He stands up. Tries to laugh it off.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, yes, that was a good one, yes.

He takes his seat.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

Damn, brother! Back of your neck look like a pack of franks!

The crowd whales.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

(continuing)

Brother so fat, every time he goes to Sea World, they pay him!

Big laugh.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(chuckling)

That's enough now, you got me.

Becoming very awkward now. Sherman tries to laugh, but he's falling apart. Carla is getting uncomfortable.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

And he's with a woman! C'mon, last time this brother felt a breast it was in a bucket of KFC!

Carla looks around at the laughing crowd.

SLOW PUSH IN ON - SHERMAN

Sitting quietly, taking it. Reggie's lines become a distant echo.

REGGIE WARRINGTON (O.S.)

Whales be wearin' bumper stickers that say: "Save Him!"

Big laugh.

REGGIE WARRINGTON (O.S.)

(continuing)

So big, have to iron his pants in the driveway.

The crowd whales.

REGGIE WARRINGTON (O.S.)

(continuing)

Hey-heyyyyy, Ho-oooooo!

Sherman's lip tenses. He sits reserved, as his night falls apart.

CUT TO:

A CLAP OF THUNDER

EXT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

It's raining. The Professor is with Carla at her door. He feels horrible.

CARLA

Thank you for dinner. That was sweet.

Sherman bravely nods.

CARLA

(continuing)

Sherman, that comic... He's just...
Look, you're a brilliant man.

Pause. The Professor politely holds out his hand.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Good night.

CARLA

Good night.

She shakes his hand and disappears into her apartment.

ANOTHER CLAP OF THUNDER

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sherman sits before the TV amidst a large array of snacks and goodies. He sits like Jabba The Hut, pigging out.

ON TV:

LANCE PERKINS. A sad fat girl is telling Lance the story of her life. Tears in her eyes.

SAD FAT GIRL

His fraternity was having this thing
called "Pig Day." That's the only
reason he asked me out.

LANCE PERKINS
(fighting back tears)
To make fun of you?

The Sad Girl nods and starts sobbing. Lance weeps too.

ON SHERMAN

Crying along with them. He takes another bite of ice cream.

LANCE PERKINS
(into camera)
Why do we do this to ourselves?
We're humiliated by our weight, and
when we get depressed, we eat. We
turn ourselves into little piggies.
We get those little Snicker Bars.
But pretty soon, the whole bag is
gone. And we feel just like the bag.
Empty inside.

Sherman switches the station. There is an OLD MOVIE on.

ON TV:

A team of doctors are feverishly working around a patient in
the emergency room.

DOCTOR #1
Give me four cc's of Ambethol.

DOCTOR #2
I don't know how much more he can
take.

We slowly PUSH IN through the doctors and see the the patient
is SHERMAN.

The HEAD SURGEON bursts through the doors.

HEAD SURGEON
What's the status?

Doctor #1 swings around, dramatic.

DOCTOR #1
He's getting fatter. We can't stop
it.

HEAD SURGEON
Damn!

ON SHERMAN

Lying on the gurney, expanding.

NURSE
(scared)
I'm getting out of here!

The Nurse runs for it. After a beat, the other Doctors throw down their instruments and follow.

DOCTOR #1
Wait! You can't go, we have to help
hi- Ahhhh! AAAAAHHHHHHH!

Too late. Doctor #1 is overtaken by Sherman's increasing fat.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The building begins to shake and crumble.

INT. NEWSROOM

A NEWSCASTER reports, slightly losing his cool.

NEWSCASTER
Again, we ask that everyone remain
calm and in your home. Police are
asking that you keep all open food
containers and edibles away from the
windows.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A GODZILLIAN SHERMAN appears, towering over buildings. He stomps down the middle of the city street.

He reaches upward and the hanging flab from under his arm peels off the top of a building.

In the foreground, citizens run for their lives.

The TUBA PLAYER stands on the corner hitting low notes.

REGGIE WARRINGTON steps into frame.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
Look at that ass! Man, that belly's
got more rolls than a bakery!

ANGLE - SHERMAN'S MOTHER & FATHER

Standing on the sidewalk. Looking up proudly at their son.

MAMA KLUMP
You look good, baby!

Holds out a brown paper bag, grease soaking through.

MAMA KLUMP
(continuing)
I brought you some fried chicken for
lunch, honey. You make sure you eat.

ON SHERMAN

He SCREAMS, reaches down, uproots an entire donut shop and takes a bite. Patrons scream, fall through the windows.

Sherman gets an odd look on his face, we hear his stomach grumble, he turns and WHOOOOOOOOOOOM! Passes gas.

A wind blast of hurricane proportions, cars roll, trees bend.

PAPA KLUMP
That's my boy!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

CARLA is finishing getting dressed. The giant eyes and nose of Sherman appear in the window behind her. (a la "King Kong")

She screams, as a huge, plump Sherman-hand breaks through the window, reaching toward Carla, but then veers left and grabs a turkey leg off of her room service tray.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Immense Sherman nibbles the tiny turkey leg and SCREAMS.

ANGLE - CITY STREET

Military tanks roll in, as TROOPERS blanket the streets.

Among them are the TOUGH KIDS, from the opening scene. They all carry METAL SUPERSOAKERS squirting Sherman.

CLOSE ON - SHERMAN

starts to gag. Coughs twice, then hawks up a WHOLE HAM. It lands like a bomb sending troopers flying.

DERRICK FLACK stands nearby, untouched. He points up at Sherman.

DERRICK FLACK
(casual)
That's him, the fat one.

MILITARY GENERAL

Status?

LIEUTENENT

The rate of growth is increasing sir!

PLOP! Sherman's belly bursts forward, consuming everything under it. His whole body swells at an alarming rate.

MILITARY GENERAL

Pull back! Retreat!! RETREAT!!!

SLAM! Fat overtakes them.

INT. SPACE SHUTTLE

Three ASTRONAUTS tend to their duties. One looks out the window, stops cold.

ASTRONAUT #1

My god!

The other Astronauts rush to the window, their eyes grow wide.

ASTRONAUT POV:

Of the Earth. A huge, fat Sherman is visible and growing upward at an amazing rate.

ASTRONAUT #2

He's headed right for us!!!

BAM! Fat swallows the shuttle.

EXT. HEAVEN - DAY

A glorious setting. Angels and clouds, pure white and gold. Totally serene until...

A GROWING RUMBLE

Angels look around, then...

WHOOSH! The huge, fat head of Sherman bursts through the clouds! Angels go flying, the harpist is thrown back and tangled in the strings.

ANGLE - GOD

It's DEAN RICHMOND in a long white beard, seated on a raised throne. He leans forward to Sherman, angrily. Speaks with the greatest of conviction and authority. (As God would)

GOD/DEAN RICHMOND
YOU - ARE - FAT!

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sherman wakes with a start, sitting on the couch as before, his forehead sweaty. The TV is static. He rises, determined.

INT. SHERMAN'S LAB - NIGHT

The Professor works feverishly in his lab, a computer-driven maze of centrifuges, tubing and beakers.

On the screen are computer generated images of genes. Using a light pen, he draws a circle around a particular gene.

PROFESSOR KLUMP (V.O.)
I have long theorized that, with the
discovery of the fat gene, a
reconstituted DNA solution could
eliminate fat itself.

All the animals watch Sherman curiously.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A LUMINESCENT LIQUID whirling through a maze of glass tubes.

Sherman types feverishly: "Subject X. Male. Height 5'10".
Weight, 400."

DISSOLVE TO:

MORNING

Sherman still working, studies a drop of the liquid under a microscope.

DISSOLVE TO:

EVENING

Sherman now hooked up to electronic sensors. A wire frame graphic of his body appears on the computer screen.

Sherman carefully pours the solution into a beaker.

PROFESSOR KLUMP (V.O.)
The scientist in me knows the proper
protocol for experimentation
procedure. But the man in me is
incapable of waiting.

He dramatically raises the solution, and downs it.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Nothing. No change in the wire frame. No change in the vital statistics. He speaks into a microphone.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Solution ingested: 5:23 p.m.
Initial results: negative.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLOCK: 7:12 P.M.

Sherman checking statistics.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
7:12 p.m. Ample time has passed for full absorption into the body's cell structure. Results still negative.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE CLOCK - 10:46 P.M.

All the animals are fast asleep. So is Sherman. Unchanged.

SLOW PUSH IN TO THE COMPUTER

One of the vital statistics changes. Then another.

The wire frame graphic of Sherman's body pulsates.

A sensor falls off his finger to the floor.

Shelley wakes up, startled. Watches.

More graphics change now at a wild pace.

Sherman wakes up. He watches the screen, amazed.

Suddenly, he clutches his head and neck. Pain racks his body. He falls violently OUT OF FRAME.

Sparks fly. Lights flicker. Shelly's eyes grow wide. All seems quiet for a moment, then...

BUDDY LOVE

pops up into frame. He's the thin, chiseled, version of the Professor. He has a maniacal look in his eye.

BUDDY LOVE
No more Mr. Fat guy!

And he's gone.

INT. A FINE MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

The same STUFFY CLOTHING SALESMAN opens the door.

CLOTHING SALESMAN
I'm sorry, sir, we're closed.

SMACK! A fist nails him, and he's out.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - SUIT RACK

A thin hand, pulling a designer suit off the rack.

CUT TO:

The same hand snatching a pair of stylish shoes.

INT. PRIMAL SCREAM - NIGHT

The BAND is finishing up a set.

Carla sits with two friends, MEG and CHARLETTE, at a table near the back of the room.

ON THE STAGE

BAND LEADER
Guess who's back in the house? My
man, from Def Comedy Jam... Reggie
Warrington!

Reggie Warrington again dances on stage.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
Hey-heywww ... ho-oooooo!
Hey-heywww ... ho-oooooo!

AT CARLA'S TABLE

CARLA
I hate this guy.

ON STAGE

REGGIE WARRINGTON
Women be shoppin'!

Women be shoppin'!
(falsetto)
You can't stop women from shoppin'!
(beat)
Damn!

Reggie prowls the stage, looking for victims.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
(continuing)
Yo! Look at this white dude! You
can't tell me he ain't got a small
jammie! I'm talkin' so small, he
need tweezers to take a piss!

The audience cracks up.

There is one **HUGE LAUGH** that runs noticeably longer.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
(continuing)
Yeah, Reggie is hot tonight! Now,
look at this sister over here--

The same laugh **BELLOWS** over Reggie, interrupting the joke.
The laugh continues.

The audience turns and sees...

BUDDY LOVE

at the back of the club, laughing his ass off. He can't stop.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
Damn brother, wait for the punchlines!

BUDDY LOVE
You are funny, man, you are funny.
The way you make fun of people like
that, takin' some physical defect and
spinnin' it around to make them look
stupid in front of their friends...
(Laughs)
It kills me! And it can work with
anyone. Just size somebody up. Even
you, Reggie.
(turns serious)
With your nasty, nappy, potato
lookin' head.

The crowd gives an "Ooooh." Reggie's pissed.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
 You snappin' me? You snappin'
Reggie? What's your name, buddy?

BUDDY LOVE
 That's it -- Buddy.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
 Buddy? Brother like Cher, just got
 one name.

Buddy looks at Carla.

BUDDY LOVE
 Love. Buddy Love.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
 Okay, Buddy Love. We goin' to have
 ourselves a little amateur night now!

Reggie smiles wide, big gap in his teeth showing.

REGGIE WARRINGTON
 (continuing; taunting)
 Take your shot, Buddy Love. Go on,
 take your best shot.

BUDDY LOVE
 (thinks)
 ...Okay.
 (he launches)
 Look at those teeth! I don't know
 whether to smile at you or kick a
 field goal!
 (big laugh from the
 crowd)
 Who's your orthodontist -- Moses?
 (bigger laugh)
 And pick up some mouthwash, brother.
 Your breath's so bad, people look
 forward to your farts!

The crowd goes crazy!

AT CARLA'S TABLE

Carla laughs, enjoying this.

ON STAGE

Reggie paces, incensed.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

That's it! The gloves are off now.
Maybe Reggie gonna talk about your
mama a little bit. It's time for
Reggie to 'ay into your mama!

WOMAN IN THE CROWD (O.S.)

Talk about his mama, Reggie!

REGGIE WARRINGTON

This gonna feel good!
(turns to Buddy)
Your mama so fat she go to Sizzler
and get a group discount!

The crowd laughs.

BUDDY LOVE

Fat jokes? Hmmm... Let me think.
(he LAUNCHES again)
Your mama so fat, she needs a Thomas
Guide to find her asshole!
After sex I roll over twice, I'm
still on her!
(making his way
toward the stage)
Cops saw her on a street corner said:
"Hey break it up!"
Bitch fell in the Grand Canyon, got
stuck.
She eat breakfast out the ROSE BOWL!
Bitch go to Earl Schieb to paint her
NAILS!
Doctors checked her blood-type, it
was RAGU!
Her belt size is EQUATOR!
On the eighth day, God created HER!
(final blow, in
Reggie's face)
Your mama's so fat I banged her for
an hour, she said "No, It's two folds
down!"

The crowd goes wild. Reggie drops the microphone, livid.

REGGIE WARRINGTON

Oh, you done it now. I'm gonna have
to Karatasize your ass.

Reggie strikes a martial arts pose, making Bruce Lee noises
and moving to Buddy.

He strikes, but Buddy catches his arm, twists it 180 degrees,
ends up sitting on the piano bench.

Reggie churns in pain, forced onto his tip-toes.

Buddy, totally cool, uses Reggie's hand to casually play the piano. Buddy focuses on Carla.

BUDDY LOVE

This is going out to a very special lady.

Buddy begins singing MINNIE RIPPERTON'S "LOVING YOU."

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

LOVIN' YOU
IS EASY CAUSE YOUR BEAUTIFUL
DO-UN DO-UN DEE DOO...

Buddy TWISTS Reggie's hand causing Reggie to hit the SHRILL HIGH NOTE AT THE END OF THE SONG.

Buddy gives a final twist, FLIPPING Reggie into the body of the grand piano. The lid falls, encasing the defeated Reggie.

The crowd goes wild. Buddy dramatically raises his fist.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

I'm Buddy Love. PEACE!

Buddy steps down from the stage.

A GUY AT THE END OF THE BAR

casually turns to Buddy. It's JERRY LEWIS. He holds two shot glasses.

JERRY

Not bad kid.

They both down a shot. Buddy continues on. Heads straight for Carla.

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Hey, you were great.

BUDDY LOVE

Yeah, I know.

Buddy arrives at Carla's table.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

I don't know if you ladies have seen my heart, I believe I left it at this table.

Meg and Charlette swoon. Carla raises a eyebrow.

CARLA

Those lines might work up on the stage, but don't expect them to work here.

Meg elbows Carla, shoots her hand out to Buddy.

MEG

Speak for yourself, honey, I'm Meg.

CHARLETTE

I'm Charlette.

Buddy pays no attention to them, his gaze locked on Carla.

BUDDY LOVE

Oooo, sassy, Carla, I love that.

Meg reacts, her extended arm still hanging in limbo.

MEG

Excuse me, I'm going to go to the ladies room to see what's wrong.

Meg gets up. Buddy shoots a look to Charlette.

BUDDY LOVE

You too.

Charlette immediately complies, leaves with Meg. Buddy takes a seat. Carla is amazed by his arrogance.

CARLA

How do you know my name?

BUDDY LOVE

I know a lot of things about you, Carla.

CARLA

Is that right?

BUDDY LOVE

I saw you here the other night. I'm an associate of Professor Klump's.

Carla's already suspicious of the wonder-guy.

CARLA

So, what exactly do you do for the Professor?

BUDDY LOVE

Why don't we talk about this over dinner tomorrow night?

CARLA

You, me and the Professor?

BUDDY LOVE

Three's a crowd. In fact, the Professor's a crowd all by himself.

CARLA

Professor Klump is a good man.

BUDDY LOVE

Oh, the kiss of death. A good man. Don't tell me, you just want to be friends.

CARLA

That's more than I want to be with you.

Buddy leans close, looks deep into her eyes, whispers.

BUDDY LOVE

I think you want to be more. A lot more.

Carla gets a bit short of breath. They have a moment.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Lets face facts. You're attracted to me, and I'm attracted to you.

(Buddy's voice shifts
into a deeper timbre)

What I'm tryin' to say is--

Carla looks strangely at Buddy. He clears his throat.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing; sounding
like the Professor)

Ah, what I mean to say...

Buddy notices his hand. His thumb is EXPANDING.

POP! POP! POP! One at a time, the remainder of his fingers plump like Ballpark Franks. He hides his hand behind his back.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing;
Professor Klump's
voice)

I ah...

Buddy's chest is expanding. A button POPS off his shirt and hits a GIRL at another table.

GIRL

Ow.

More buttons fly off and land in drinks, hit more patrons.

BUDDY LOVE
Buddy always leaves with a splash!
(to Carla)
I'll pick you up tomorrow night.
Eight-thirty!

Buddy splits, leaving Carla confused.

EXT. PRIMAL SCREAM - NIGHT

Buddy quickly walks along the sidewalk. His body growing, his clothing ripping. His walk builds to a run.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Buddy disappears behind a bus, but it's the full fat naked Professor who appears running out the other side.

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

The Professor, streaks bare-assed across the campus.

TWO STUDENTS stare slack jawed at the sight.

A JANITOR cleaning a window does a double-take.

EXT. MAIN STREET- NIGHT

Sherman is quite a sight running butt-naked into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLMAN COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

The bell tower SOUNDS. Students head to class. Everything seems back to normal.

INT. PROFESSOR KLUMP'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Students sit, killing time. There is no teacher.

CUT TO:

INT. PROFESSOR KLUMP'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Professor is sound asleep, like he was drugged. He stirs with a GROAN, opens his eyes.

KLUMP'S POV

Pieces of Buddy's torn suit lie scattered around the room.

He looks at the clock: 2:11 p.m.

His eyes widen, he leaps up!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Sherman hurries across the quad. A couple students greet him, he quickly greets them back.

INT. PROFESSOR KLUMP'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Restless students quiet when a preoccupied Klump hurries in.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Good morning. Ah, Why don't you
all - ah - just review what we did
yesterday.

STUDENT

We weren't here yesterday.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Oh, right. That's right. Okay, then
review the day before and tomorrow
we'll do today.

And he's out the door.

INT. LAB - DAY

The Professor stares at the statistics on the computer screen. Enthralled by the wire framed graphic of the thin Buddy Love. He's elated.

PUSH IN ON - SHERMAN

PROFESSOR KLUMP
It worked. It worked!!

INT. SHERMAN'S LAB - NIGHT

Wee hours of the morning. Sherman is producing more formula.

PROFESSOR KLUMP (V.O.)
The transformation seems to have caused a profound alteration in personality. My memory of last night's events is limited. However, as Buddy Love, I experienced an exhilarating flood of emotions.

More centrifuges whirring away.

PROFESSOR KLUMP (V.O.)
(continuing)
I am increasing the density of the DNA solution to prolong the effect. Although I feel a distinct physical and mental drain, I can't stop now. There's more research to be done.

The Professor gulps down more formula.

MUSIC UP:

INT. A TRENDY CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Buddy's picking everything off the rack, tossing it to a Salesman following behind, shagging suits like fly balls.

CLOSE ON CREDIT CARD MACHINE

Swiping across Professor Klump's credit card.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

A SALESMAN shows Buddy some racy briefs. Black silk, leopard skin... Buddy nods "yes" to each.

The final pair has a hole the size of a silver dollar cut out the butt. Buddy stops nodding.

EXT. TRENDY CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Buddy walks by a wild, two-toned suit in the window. Checks it out.

INT. EXOTIC CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Buddy, wearing the two-toned suit, stands before a CAR DEALER questioning Professor Klump's driver's license picture.

BUDDY LOVE

They say the camera adds 10 pounds.

A CANDY RED JAGUAR XJE

Buddy peels out of the lot in his new wheels.

CLOSE ON CREDIT CARD MACHINE

Running across Sherman's card again...and again...and again.

INT. TATOO PARLOR - DAY

Buddy gets a tatoo. An arrow below his belly button pointing south. The Caption above reads: "SPEAK INTO THE MIC"

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Buddy's crouched in the bushes. We have no idea why.

BUDDY'S POV

The same TOUGH KIDS who messed with the Professor are approaching.

A WATER TRUCK

is parked next to the curb. Buddy hits a remote button. The panel doors part. An instant tidal wave washes the brats down the street.

ON BUDDY

Smiling wide.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Buddy sits, reading a magazine, straining. PULL BACK to reveal his pants are down. PULL BACK farther to reveal, he is sitting on the BAND MEMBER'S TUBA.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The MARCHING BAND is practicing, the TUBA PLAYER in the middle of the pack. The guys marching next to him, give him room, look at him funny. What the hell's that smell?

The Tuba Player pulls away from his mouthpiece, reacts to a funny taste.

CLOSE ON - BUDDY IN THE STANDS

Enjoying the music. Revenge is sweet.

MUSIC OUT:

INT. HARTLEY BREAKFAST - DAY

A stiffly decored, pompous room. A large group of board members and grant patrons seated at tables.

DEAN RICHMOND stands behind the podium.

DEAN RICHMOND

I would like to thank the esteemed board for attending this most propitious occasion. And I would especially like to thank Harlan Hartley, who's grant we do hope finds a home here at Wellman.

The stuffy group applauds. HARLAN HARTLEY, sitting at the far end of the long table, nods.

DEAN RICHMOND

(continuing)

I do apologize for the absence of Professor Klump. As all genius', he could not find himself able to tear away from his work. But let me tell you a little bit about our dear Professor Klump. A man who, I dare say, has no rival as a dynamic force in modern day scientific research. He is a man who's thoughts become action, and whose action becomes legend. A man who represents the highest--

The doors BURST open. All heads turn to see...

BUDDY LOVE

Smiling wide, dressed in the fancy two-toned suit.

BUDDY LOVE

Hold it! Time! No more adjectives!
They don't really do me justice!

Dean Richmond leans over to his secretary.

DEAN RICHMOND

What is the meaning of this?

Buddy strolls around the table, greeting board members as if they're old friends, and snacking off their plates.

A very old, STUFFY BOARD MEMBER, with a BAD HAIR PIECE, looks up at Buddy, outraged.

STUFFY BOARD MEMBER
You're eating off my plate.

BUDDY LOVE
Very good, Henry. Glad to see you're still functioning at 80% mental capacity. And by the way, your hair is slammin', are you just a member or the president, too?

The Board Member is shocked.

DEAN RICHMOND
Who are you?!

BUDDY LOVE
I'm here to speak for Professor Klump.

DEAN RICHMOND
I am here speaking for Professor Klump, Mr...

BUDDY LOVE
Love. Buddy Love.
(to prim older woman)
Now, don't be looking at my butt, Martha. I saw you lookin'.

She was. The Woman turns all shades of red.

DEAN RICHMOND
Excuse me! What exactly is your association to Sherman Klump?

BUDDY LOVE
I am a colleague, fan, supporter, investor, and worshipper of this brilliant man. I sleep at his fat feet. I stand in awe of the work of the Tubman.
(to Hartley)
We are talkin' future here, Mr. Hartley: The Genetic Template Project. The GTP. Or as I call it, Fuck'n A, new DNA!

Board members are shocked.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Professor Klump's genetic research will create a flawless DNA, allowing the elimination of each and every propensity for disease.

(beat)

If bad tissue is the issue, the Professor can reissue!

(beat)

Propensity for cancer? Professor has the answer!

(beat)

Obesity and Gout? Professor clears 'em out!

Buddy rounds the room, as he talks.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Look at you about-to-croak-folks. All y'all need something.

(picks out a board member)

Look at these teeth. Look like his gums shit chicklets. The answer isn't dentures. It's the GTP!

Buddy targets an old man.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Pencil lost it's lead? Let the GTP set your pee-pee free!

Buddy passes Dean Richmond's secretary.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Deviated septum?

She nods.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

We can stop that nose from running in your family!

Back at the podium, Buddy heads for Dean Richmond.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Let's talk urinary tract.

DEAN RICHMOND
I beg your pardon!

BUDDY LOVE
C'mon, Dean Richmond. We can tell by
the way you walk, you're always on
the verge of losin' a quart of
Countrytime.

Buddy imitates the Dean's walk, to a T. Hartley suppresses
his amusement.

Buddy leans over to an older woman with lots of cleavage.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
You went with the saline. Good
choice. That silicone breaks, very
messy.

DEAN RICHMOND
That's quite enough, I'm calling
security.

BUDDY LOVE
While you're at it, call the press.
Call the papers. Call Dominoes, this
food sucks!

Dean Richmond grabs a phone.

DEAN RICHMOND
Yes, we need security in--

HARTLEY (O.S.)
Wait.

All heads turn to Harlan Hartley.

HARTLEY
Do you have any data on this, Mr.
Love, or is it all just talk?

BUDDY LOVE
We have data up the doodah, Mr.
Hartley.

HARTLEY
I'd be most interested in having a
look, Dean Richmond.

The Dean is stunned, instantly switches gears.

DEAN RICHMOND

Why, of course Mr. Hartley,
absolutely. I'll, ah, see you get it
right away.

BUDDY LOVE

Well, my work here is done. Go back
to what you was doin'. I've said
my... **PEACE!**

And he's gone.

INT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Meg sits on the couch, munching Doritos. She taunts Carla.

MEG

(sing-songy)

Eight twenty-five.

CARLA

Oh, would you stop. He's not even
going to show.

MEG

Honey, I saw the way you two looked
at each other last night. He's gonna
show and you're gonna go.

CARLA

Meg, I don't know anything about this
guy. He seems so stuck on himself.

MEG

That's what a date is for, sweetie,
you find out about someone. And I
can't wait to hear what the research
reveals.

Carla throws a pillow at Meg.

The DOORBELL rings.

Carla opens the door. Buddy stands with a bouquet of
flowers. He looks Carla up and down.

BUDDY LOVE

Mmmm. You look as good as me!

Carla turns to Meg, raises an eyebrow.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

A ocean-side carnival setting. Rides, game-booths, etc.
GRUBBY CARNY TYPES everywhere.

Buddy and Carla walking. Buddy's invigorated.

BUDDY LOVE

I love the Carnival! The lights, the
popcorn, and no matter where you
look, everybody's uglier than you.

A GRUESOME CARNY ride-runner, turns to Buddy, smiles. Buddy
smiles back and waves.

CARLA

You're terrible.

BUDDY LOVE

When you're great for a really long
time, that's all that's left.

CARLA

So, what do you want to do?

BUDDY LOVE

(gleam in his eye)
Everything.

MUSIC UP:

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - A WARNING SIGN:

RIDE RESTRICTIONS:

HEART CONDITION

PREGNANCY

OBESITY

PAN off the sign, to BUDDY standing in his roller coaster
cart, riding like a maniac.

EXT. HOUSE OF MIRRORS - NIGHT

Carla stands alone, keeps glancing at her watch.

Buddy finally exits, taking one last glance at himself in a
mirror. Rushes over to Carla, excited.

BUDDY LOVE

Let's go again!

EXT. PING-PONG BOOTH - DAY

People tossing ping-pong balls into little gold fish bowls.

ON BUDDY

FOOM-FOOM-FOOM! Three balls shoot out of his mouth right into three bowls. He's handed THREE GOLD FISH IN A PLASTIC BAGGIE.

CUT TO:

TOILET HANDLE BEING PUSHED - FLUSH!

Buddy primps in the bathroom mirror, the now-empty plastic baggie next to him.

EXT. CARNIVAL FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Carla sips a soda. Buddy is finishing up two candy apples, a cotton candy and a banana split. Carla watches amazed.

BUDDY LOVE

I can handle it, Good genes.

EXT. FUNNY MIRRORS - NIGHT

Buddy and Carla have fun looking at their crazy reflections.

One mirror warps Buddy into Sherman. Carla notices and Buddy quickly yanks her away.

EXT. BALL TOSS BOOTH - NIGHT

A COCKY CARNY GAME ATTENDANT, stands next to three MILK BOTTLES on a platform.

Buddy throws a ball, misses. The Carny laughs.

ON BUDDY - ANNOYED

Buddy throws the next ball, RIGHT AT THE CARNY, NAILS HIM IN THE HEAD. He's out.

Buddy grabs a HUGE stuffed animal, walks it over to Carla, browsing at a T-Shirt stand. She smiles, excitedly thanks him.

EXT. TOP OF THE FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Carriage seats peacefully breeze through frame.

Reveal BUDDY & CARLA'S CARRIAGE rocking like crazy, finally spinning an entire revolution. The huge stuffed animal falls.

MUSIC OUT:

EXT. FERRIS WHEEL - NIGHT

Buddy and Carla exit the ride. Buddy is really charged up. Carla smacks him in the arm.

CARLA

You are crazy. What am I doin' here with you?

BUDDY LOVE

Havin' the time of your life.

CARLA

Oh, you think so?

BUDDY LOVE

I know so. And the fun's just beginning.

Buddy moves in for a kiss. Carla turns her head away.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Damn. That was so close! C'mon, give it up, just a peck, pretend I'm a politician.

Buddy persists, leans forward. Carla has to push him away.

CARLA

No, Buddy!

BUDDY LOVE

(snaps)

No, Buddy? There's not a dry pair of jeans staring at me at this whole place, and you say, "No, Buddy?"

CARLA

(pissed)

I'm going to the ladies room.

Carla heads off.

BUDDY LOVE

You're gonna use the bathrooms here?

(attitude)

I suggest you hover.

An OLD MAN accidentally bumps into, Buddy, continues on.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
Watch yourself, old man!
(calling after him)
Don't walk into any antique stores,
they'll tag your ass!

Buddy turns, frustrated. He stops cold as he sees...

FOUR BOYS picking on a FAT KID. Snapping his suspenders.

KID #1
Hey, tubbo!

KID #2
Here, let me help you with your diet.

Kid #2 knocks the Fat Kid's popcorn to the ground.

CLOSE ON - BUDDY

He feels a strange kinship to this kid.

The boys laugh and run off. The Fat Kid sadly bends down,
picking up his popcorn. A tear runs down his cheek.

Buddy walks over to the kid, squats down.

BUDDY LOVE
Hey, man, what's your name?

WILLY
Willy.

BUDDY LOVE
Those boys bust your chops?

WILLY
Yes, sir.

BUDDY LOVE
Alright, Willy, you listen to me. It
don't matter what people say to you,
or how they treat you. You just hold
your head high, and believe in
yourself. You do that, and after a
while, you'll rise above those boys,
and they'll go away.

WILLY
Really?

BUDDY LOVE

Yeah. And you want me to tell you a secret?

(leans close)

None of those boys have dicks.

Willy's eyes grow wide. He smiles.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

That's why they act that way. It's called overcompensation.

WILLY

How do they pee?

BUDDY LOVE

Out their noses.

Willy grins widely. Buddy pulls out a ten dollar bill.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Here, go get yourself a new popcorn.

Willy's mouth drops. He reaches for the money, Buddy pulls it back.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

No butter.

Willy nods. Buddy hands him the money and he runs off.

Buddy smiles, stands up. CARLA is right there.

CARLA

Just when I'm sure that I hate you, you go soft on me.

BUDDY LOVE

Never say those words to a man. Even as a compliment.

Buddy offers Carla his arm, they turn and walk off.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

So, did you hover?

CARLA

Yes.

BUDDY LOVE
You're sure?

CARLA
I hovered.

BUDDY LOVE
Good. Wouldn't want to have to have
your ass sandblasted.

EXT. PIERPOINT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A quaint, romantic spot perched at the end of the pier.

Buddy and Carla sit at a candle-lit table. Moonlight
shimmering across the ocean.

CARLA
I don't know anything about you,
Buddy. Tell me about your family.

BUDDY LOVE
How far back you wanna' go?

CARLA
All the way.

BUDDY LOVE
I started out in my father's scrotum
sack. I was the fastest of the
swimmers--

CARLA
Buddy, can you stop for two seconds?

Buddy smiles, takes a breath.

BUDDY LOVE
My parents are very content, happy
people. Can't tell you why. My
brother was the High School football
star. He recovered a fumble in the
playoff game in '78. They're still
talkin' about it.

(imitates Father
Klump)
"When Ernie flop down on that ball,
I done wet my jockeys."

Carla laughs.

A Woman, holding flowers, and her Date pass behind Buddy. He
smoothly slips an arm back, swipes a flower from the bouquet.

Buddy presents the flower to Carla.

CARLA
Where'd you get that?

BUDDY LOVE
Little place I know, "Roving Lady
Florists."

Buddy places the flower in Carla's hair. He gazes deeply at Carla.

Carla is totally mesmerized, completely under his spell.

Buddy leans forward, kisses Carla deeply.

The WAITRESS appears.

WAITRESS
Dessert?

Buddy doesn't take his eyes off Carla.

BUDDY LOVE
I just had mine.

Buddy slides a credit card across the table. They kiss again.

WE FOLLOW THE WAITRESS

to the bar. She places the credit card in the charge card machine, and we PULL BACK to reveal...

JASON

sitting at the bar with a date, having a drink. He casually glances down.

JASON'S POV

The PROFESSOR'S NAME on the credit card.

He looks around for the Professor, then sees the Waitress return to Buddy.

Jason's eyes squint. Something's up.

BACK TO SCENE

Carla gazes at Buddy.

CARLA
Your eyes... There's something
familiar about them.

BUDDY LOVE
You know what they say. The eyes...
(voice shifts to a
deeper timber)
are the, ah, windows of the soul.

CARLA
What was that?

Without warning, Buddy's LOWER LIP begins to SWELL UP.

CARLA
(continuing)
Your lip.

The swelling affects Buddy's speech.

BUDDY LOVE
Whab?

CARLA
Your lip is swollen.

Buddy covers his growing lip with his hand.

BUDDY LOVE
Oh, Ib, musta bit it.

Buddy leaps up, throws some cash on the table.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
Gobba go. Take a cab.

Buddy takes off.

CARLA
Take a cab?! Buddy!!

But he's gone.

ANGLE - JASON

JASON
(to his date)
Be right back.

Jason takes off after Buddy.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Buddy dashes through the carnival, jumps into the Jaguar.

Jason's in pursuit. He spots an overweight, SECURITY GUARD, sitting on a bench, unwrapping a pastrami sandwich.

JASON

Hey, this guy's got a stolen credit card!

The Security Guard looks at Jason, deadpan, takes a bite of his pastrami.

Having no other options, Jason runs to the Jaguar.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Buddy starts the car, the passenger door swings open, and Jason LEAPS inside.

JASON

Okay, fella, what are you doing with the Professor's credit card? Where did you get it?

Buddy turns to Jason. His bottom lip now **HUGE AND SAGGING**. Jason gets a horrified look.

BUDDY LOVE

Geb oub by carbub!

JASON

Look man, I'm sorry, you probably need the money more than I thought, I'll just--

Buddy's right leg begins to plump up, forcing his foot into the gas pedal.

The Jaguar peels out into traffic.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Jaguar weaves like crazy, other cars swerve to avoid a collision.

INT. JAGUAR - NIGHT

Buddy's other leg pops fat, both legs now trapped in the tiny space.

JASON

Take your foot off the gas, man!

BUDDY LOVE

Ibub can'but!

Buddy's cheeks pop out. Jason looks at him in horror.

JASON
Oh shit! This is Freddy Kruger shit!
(pinching himself)
Wake up! Wake up!

Buddy's face goes from basset hound, to Sherman's.

JASON
(continuing)
Professor?

WHAM! The Professor's huge gut and body pops out, pressing a terrified Jason against the passenger door.

JASON
(continuing; face
pressed against the
glass)
What's happening?!!!

Both Sherman and Jason look ahead into a major intersection. Their eyes grow wide.

EXT. BUSY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

The Jaguar flies into the cross traffic. Cars skid wildly. The Jaguar does a 360, comes safely to a stop.

CUT TO:

SAME SCENE - LATER

Cop cars everywhere. Firemen use the jaws of life to extract Sherman and Jason from the tiny car.

A FIREMAN addresses a Cop, puzzled.

FIREMAN
(re: jaws of life)
First time we've ever had to use
these without an accident.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A SURLY JUDGE BANGS his gavel.

The Professor stands sheepishly before him, wearing ill fitting prison denims. He looks like shit.

SURLY JUDGE

(mid reprimand)

Reckless endangerment, destruction of public property, public indecency, which breaks down to driving naked. How do you plead?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, sir, It's not exactly as it might appear. I have been working on a, ah... It's a genetic...ah...

(giving up)

Guilty, Your Honor.

The Judge BANGS his gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Jason and the Professor exit.

JASON

This is incredible! A complete metabolic transformation! Next time, we'll keep a detailed record of--

PROFESSOR KLUMP

There isn't going to be a next time.

The Professor stops, turns to Jason.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

I can't control what he's doing- what I'm doing. I haven't slept in three days. Last night, in the car, I might have injured someone.

(conviction)

I will not become Buddy Love again.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - CARLA

CARLA

I never want to see Buddy Love again.

We are in...

INT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Meg, eating breakfast. Carla's getting ready for work.

MEG

You said you had a terrific time.

CARLA

I did, until he ran out on me.
That's twice.

MEG

You've never heard the phrase: Leave
'em wanting more?

CARLA

Yeah, leave 'em wanting more, not:
Leave 'em wanting a ride home.

MEG

Consider yourself lucky, some of the
dates I've been on, I would've begged
for cab fair.

Carla shoots Meg a look.

MEG

(continuing)

Give him a chance, maybe he'll
apologize.

CARLA

He'll never apologize. Buddy Love
only cares about Buddy Love. And I
think it's time I started carin'
about me.

Carla exits.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

The Professor races to his classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Sherman rushes in and is looking at...

AN EMPTY ROOM

Dean Richmond sits alone, at the back of the class.

DEAN RICHMOND

The class left twenty minutes ago.

Dean Richmond rises, walks to the front.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, ah, Dean Richmond, I was...
conducting an experiment on the
students reaction to a teacherless
environment...

The Dean focuses on Sherman's shabby appearance.

DEAN RICHMOND

Look at you, man. What has come over you lately?

(spots something)

What is that on your chest, Klump?

Is that a tatoo?

Sherman reaches a hand to his open shirt.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

What, ah, no, I, ah...

DEAN RICHMOND

Yes it is, it's a tatoo.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Certainly, my, ah tatoo, yes. Goes way back in my family, the family arms, you know.

DEAN RICHMOND

Those are your family arms?

Sherman makes his way to a mirror while bullshitting.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, ah, my family is very traditional, we all wear with great pride the symbol of the...

Sherman glances in the mirror, sees the tatoo is A BIG PAIR OF BREASTS.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

...breasts. Yes, ah, you see, my great, great, grandmother had them and her daughter had them and passed them down to her...

DEAN RICHMOND

Save it, Klump. Look, I don't know how you hooked up with this Buddy Love character, and to be completely frank, I don't like him. But Harlan Hartley is now smitten with your project and that's enough for me.

Sherman brightens up. This is great news.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Why that's fantastic, sir. I don't know what to say. I can put together a proposal immediately and bring it to Mr. Hartley--

DEAN RICHMOND

You'll do nothing of the kind. Hartley specifically asked to meet with Buddy Love.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

But, sir--

DEAN RICHMOND

Tomorrow morning, ten o'clock, Hartley Industries. Don't blow this, Klump. Derrick Flack has proposed an expansion of his research program. I wouldn't want to have to consider it.

He gets up to leave.

And Klump, button up for godsakes.

INT. LAB - DAY

Jason watches the Professor pouring a FEW DROPS into a vile, from a LARGE BEAKER of formula.

JASON

Are you sure this will work?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I'm only taking enough formula for one hour.

The Professor hands Jason a brown manila envelope, and a stack of clothes.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

This is the proposal, and Buddy's clothes. You cover my class. Tell Buddy to just hand the proposal to Hartley and then leave. The research will speak for itself.

The Professor raises the vile to his lips. Downs it.

ON JASON - HIS JAW DROPPING

as he watches with amazement, the Professor's transformation.

BUDDY LOVE now stands before Jason, the Professor's huge clothes draping down.

BUDDY LOVE
What? You never seen a man wearing
a circus tent before?

JASON
Ah, the Professor told me to tell
you--

Buddy snatches the envelope and clothes out of Jason's hands.

BUDDY LOVE
If I was you, I'd spend a little less
time tellin' me what to do and a
little more time tending to all those
cranberries on your chin. Damn, boy.
Neil Armstrong look at your face and
start reminiscing.

Buddy starts to leave, stops himself.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
Oh, I almost forgot.

Buddy grabs the LARGE BEAKER, GUZZLES DOWN ALL THE FORMULA.

Jason watches, stunned. Buddy smiles and breezes past.

EXT. HARTLEY INDUSTRIES - DAY

Buddy Love walks down the sidewalk, carrying the envelope.
He passes KOBE CHANNEL 6, home of the "PHIL RINGER SHOW." A
long line of people are being admitted for a taping.

Buddy passes, heads for the entrance of Hartley Industries,
just as...

TWO STUNNING WOMEN

walk by, toward the Channel 6 building.

Buddy looks at the women, looks at the envelope. This is not
a tough decision.

CUT TO:

INT. PHIL RINGER SHOW - DAY

The show's THEME-SONG and introduction airs on the monitors.

ON BUDDY

peeking in the studio door. He looks around, slides in. He still holds the proposal.

ON STAGE

The annoying, PHIL RINGER, receives the on-air countdown.

PHIL RINGER

I'm Phil Ringer, and we're going to blow the lid off. Today's topic: "My Wife Sleeps With My Friends."

Phil turns to MISSY a stalky woman. She is flanked by MIKE, a mousy looking guy, KYLE, a ripped athlete.

PHIL RINGER

(continuing)

Joining us are, Missy, her husband Mike and her aerobics instructor and Mike's good friend, Kyle. Missy, tell us your side.

MISSY

Well, I'm a woman of the nineties. He likes to have fun with his friends, I do too.

A "WOOOOO" from the audience. Buddy watches the show, intrigued.

PHIL RINGER

Pray tell, Mike?

MIKE

Fun doesn't mean you stay the night with them.

MISSY

I didn't stay the night.

MIKE

She's lying. I called Kyle's house at four in the morning and she was still there.

A female AUDIENCE MEMBER raises her hand. Phil heads over, holds out the mic.

PHIL RINGER

Speak.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
I'm sorry, I think Mike is totally
out of line, here.

ON BUDDY

not believing what he's hearing.

AUDIENCE MEMBER
(continuing)
...Look at his attitude. I mean, he
just called her a liar. If someone's
at fault here, I think it's Mike.

BUDDY LOVE
(booming)
What?! Mike?! What the hell'd Mike
do?!

All eyes on Buddy, standing in the aisle. Phil quickly moves
to him.

PHIL RINGER
Looks like we have an opinion.

Phil holds the mic out to Buddy.

BUDDY LOVE
Yeah, I got an opinion. Mike, read
my lips, man.
(slapping his hand
with each syllable)
She's a slut. You get that?

The audience goes crazy.

There's nothing to discuss, here.
She's Yam dancing with everybody you
know! There are certain signs that
a relationship is over, Mike. Like,
when somebody calls you and says:
"We're doing a show called, 'My Wife
Sleeps With My Friends', would you
like to be on it?" That could be
called a sign!

Missy's pissed.

MISSY
Hey, I can have a life! There's
nothing wrong with going to an
aerobics class.

BUDDY LOVE

Yeah, I know all about your aerobics.

Buddy spreads his legs wide and begins moving them in and out, making squeaky woman noises.

The audience is going nuts.

IN THE BOOTH

PUSH IN on producer, HAL ROSENBERG, smiling as he listens to Buddy.

HAL ROSENBERG

Keep a camera on this guy.

BACK TO THE SHOW

Buddy stands back up.

BUDDY LOVE

It ain't Iron you pumpin'!

MISSY

You don't know me.

BUDDY LOVE

From the sound of things, I'm the only guy in this studio who doesn't. Come on, girl. Your legs stay open longer than a Mini-Mart.

The crowd goes crazy. Kyle springs to his feet.

KYLE

Okay, that's enough!

BUDDY LOVE

Yeah, what's your trip, Kyle? I don't know if all those steroids are blurrin' your vision, but take a look, man, she's a troll! Hair everywhere. Girl uses a Flo-bee on her tits.

The crowd goes insane.

Kyle charges into the stands, takes a swing at Buddy. Buddy ducks, and Kyle clocks PHIL RINGER.

A total riot breaks out. Fists and chairs fly everywhere.

Buddy looks around, surveys his handiwork.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
Now, this is a show.

IN THE BOOTH

The Producer, watching the monitors.

HAL ROSENBERG
Now, this is a show.

INT. WELLMAN COLLEGE STUDENT LOUNGE - DAY

Several students sit around watching the show, loving it.

JASON, walks by, casually glances to the TV, sees Buddy. He stops cold. Looks at his watch... "Oh shit."

INT. HARTLEY INDUSTRIES - DAY

Harlan Hartley sits behind his expansive desk, frustratedly looking at an empty chair. He glances at his watch.

INT. PHIL RINGER SHOW - DAY

Buddy jumps in on the fight.

CLOSE ON - THE PROPOSAL

dropping to the ground, trampled and ripped to shreds by everyone's feet.

CUT TO:

THE SAME SHOT ON A TV SCREEN

We are in...

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The TV is on in the background. Sherman talks on the phone.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Ah, yes...I'll- ah, he'll be there.

He hangs up. Jason comes in.

JASON
Okay, Professor, don't panic, I
called Hartley's secretary, and...

The Professor barely listens, watching the show on TV.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(excited)

Jason, the phone has not stopped ringing all day long. Did you see it?

JASON

How could I miss it? It was on the news, Talk Soup--

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I wish you could have been there. The lights. The audience. The energy. The Producer just called. He wants me to be on again, tomorrow.

JASON

Buddy.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Huh?

JASON

He wants Buddy to be on tomorrow. Professor, I told Hartley's secretary Buddy was sick, we have another meeting set for Friday. I'll go with you this time.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Friday, yes, I can probably fit that in before Ricki Lake.

(switching gears)

What do you think Buddy should wear? I was thinking something more casual since the show caters to a younger demographic.

JASON

Professor, the grant.

The Professor gets up, grabs some clothes from a box.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Friday, yes, no problem.

The Professor holds up Buddy's clothing in front of a mirror.

JASON

Sir, about the formula, Buddy knows--

The PHONE RINGS

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(into phone)

Hello. Yes. Oh, I'm very sorry.
Tuesday's booked. Wednesday? Sounds
like fun. I'll tell him.

PUSH IN ON JASON -- frustrated.

CUT TO:

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. A TV STUDIO TAPING - DAY

Another PHIL RINGER show. Buddy talking to a stoned out S&M
DUDE, metal spikes, studs, bands and rings, everywhere.

S&M DUDE

Pain and sex go together. Women like
it.

BUDDY LOVE

All they got to do is look at you and
they're in pain. Damn, look at you,
if I stuck a key in your ass, you'd
probably start up.

CUT TO:

Buddy talking to a COCKY GUY.

COCKY GUY

I never use rubbers. It spoils the
fun.

BUDDY LOVE

Yeah, herpes is a blast. Aids is a
real laugh riot. They should call
you Gump -- 'Cause you never know
what you gonna catch.

The audience howls.

CUT TO:

Three NYMPHOMANIACS

NYMPHOMANIAC

So what? We sleep with whoever we
want, when we want. What's the
problem?

BUDDY LOVE
Merry Christmas...
(pointing to the
girls)
...Ho, Ho, Ho!

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Buddy exits and people crowd around for autographs.

EXT. CARLA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carla exits, and is surprised to see a plethora of flowers and balloons covering her front steps.

There's a note taped to the door.

CLOSE ON - THE NOTE

BUDDY LOVE (V.O.)
Sorry about the other night.
P.S. I've enclosed a wallet-sized
photo.

She holds up a small picture of BUDDY SMILING.

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

A bunch of PRODUCER/HOLLYWOOD TYPES schmooze Buddy at dinner. Buddy's getting way drunk.

INT. LAB - DAY

Buddy whipping up more formula. Pouring it into a thermos.

INT. OPRAH WINFREY SHOW - DAY

BUDDY LOVE
Make up your mind, Oprah. One week,
you're looking slim and trim. Next
week I tune you in, I think I'm whale
watching on the discovery channel.

INT. KLUMP'S PARENT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Papa and Mama Klump watching Oprah on TV.

PAPA KLUMP
Who the hell's this, running his
mouth about the old Oprah? Oprah
look good with a few pounds on her.

MAMA KLUMP
He looks so familiar...

PAPA KLUMP
(rips one)
Yeah, there's his twin.

INT. THE GERALDO RIVERA SHOW - DAY

BUDDY LOVE
(big attitude)
I think he's callin' you a pussy,
Geraldo.

Geraldo loses it, attacks a guy on the panel. A full scale riot ensues.

INT. ANOTHER TV STUDIO - DAY

Another riot in progress.

CLOSE ON - A FIST

repeatedly pounding into the face of a man in a KKK hood. ,
PULL BACK to reveal, it's... SALLY JESSE RAPHAEL.

Buddy watches over the madness, untouched.

BUDDY LOVE
Get'im, Sally. Kick his ass!!

Sally turns to camera, glasses askew.

SALLY JESSE
We'll be back in a moment.

She turns and continues pounding the guy.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

Buddy exits again, the crowd awaiting him has tripled..

EXT. CAMPUS PARTY - NIGHT

Buddy enters and is MOBBED by girls.

He autographs a Cheerleader's leg. His name ends right at the top of her thigh.

BUDDY LOVE
Too bad I'm not a Junior.

END MONTAGE:

INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

An even cockier Buddy is with Carla. A Waiter pops the cork on another bottle of champagne.

Buddy tears a hundred dollar bill in half, gives half to the Waiter.

BUDDY LOVE
Keep the bubbles fresh and you get
the other half.

WAITER
Thanks, Buddy.

Buddy downs another glass.

CARLA
Buddy, don't you think you've had
enough?

BUDDY LOVE
I don't know, let me think...
(pauses, looks into
the air)
...No.

Buddy chugs from the bottle this time. He makes eye contact with a woman at another table, winks.

CARLA
That's it, I'm out of here.

BUDDY LOVE
Well, I must have said "dismissed"
and didn't hear it.

CARLA
(angry)
You know something, Buddy--

The group of familiar CHEERLEADERS rush up to the table.

CHEERLEADERS
Hi, Buddy!

BUDDY LOVE
Now there should be a federal law
prohibiting this much beauty in one
area.

The girls laugh, charmed.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Girls, you know Carla. Or as some refer to her, the luckiest girl on campus.

Carla glares at Buddy.

CHEERLEADER

Buddy, the autograph's worn off, I was wondering if you could sign it again, but this time...

The Cheerleader whispers suggestively in Buddy's ear.

Buddy's eyes light up. Carla's doubly had it. She gets up.

BUDDY LOVE

Where are you going? Lori was just saying we should go someplace and get crazy.

CARLA

I already got crazy. I agreed to go out with you.

She storms off.

BUDDY LOVE

Too many women. Not enough Buddy. Come on, ladies. Let's get ugly.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A party is raging. Buddy is geared up like never before.

He's burning all of the Lance Perkins Diet meals, tapes, and the plastic pig from the refrigerator in the fireplace.

BUDDY LOVE

Free at last, free at last, thank God almighty I am free at last!

Buddy chugs formula from a thermos and dances off with some sexy girls.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - Buddy's now surrounded by the cheerleaders and dozens of other SEXY WOMEN. He's signing some girl's fake boobs.

BUDDY LOVE
I'll sign one for you and one for
your surgeon with my compliments.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER - The sun's coming up, and the party's still going.
Buddy's taking a milk bath. Girls are dipping cookies in the
milk bath and feeding them to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HARTLEY INDUSTRIES - FRIDAY MORNING

JASON standing alone and dejected at the building entrance.
Buddy's a no-show.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Carla walks up, notices the door is slightly ajar. She
knocks.

CARLA
Professor?

No answer. Carla pushes the door inward, steps inside.

INT. SHERMAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carla surveys the destroyed apartment. It's a complete
post-party shambles.

CARLA
Professor? Are you okay?

The Professor, in bath robe, groggily raises himself from
under a pile of streamers and other party paraphernalia.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(surprised to see her)
Carla! How nice to see you.

Zombie-like, the Professor pours himself a cup of coffee.

CARLA
Did you have a party?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
No, no, my clean-up girl is sick.

CARLA
(looking around)
You sure she didn't die?

He raises the coffee mug to his lips, revealing a novelty
FEMALE BREAST MUG. (You have to drink from the nipple)

Carla gets a surprised look. The Professor quickly lowers
the mug.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Must be some kind of a joke.
(feigns a giggle)
They got me.

Carla spots the cheerleader POM-POMS, sitting across the
room. Before she can get her bearings...

One towel-clad CHEERLEADER walks out of the bedroom. In the
background, we see the other two in the Professor's bed.

CHEERLEADER
Where's Buddy?

Carla turns back to the Professor.

CARLA
Buddy came here?
(gathering her
thoughts)
What is going-- What, do the two of
you share women? Was I next on the
list?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Carla, you don't understand--

CARLA
I thought you were different. I
can't believe I came over here to cry
on your shoulder.

Carla starts out.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Carla, wait--

CARLA
I never want to see you or Buddy Love
again.

And she's gone.

The Professor grabs one shoe, searches frantically for the other.

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

The Professor, still in his robe, chases after Carla. He nearly collides with a gardener driving a JOHN DEAR MOWER.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Carla, please, let me explain!

She's not responding. As Sherman continues on, his robe gets caught on a bush and drops to the ground.

He reaches back to get it, but before he can, the mower SHREDS it. It rains white terry cloth.

The Professor looks down at his naked body, registers panic, then takes off running.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - DAY

A group of kids drinking beer. They notice something odd.

FRAT BROTHERS

Hey, check it out, it's Professor Klump. He's doing it again!

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Some girls in bathing suits are washing cars.

SORORITY SISTERS

Oh my, god! He's a wild man!

EXT. ANOTHER FRAT HOUSE - DAY

Kids in lounge chairs kicking back. They watch Klump.

FRAT BRO

Looks like he could use some company.

They all HOWL and start stripping.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Around 200 kids running buck naked behind the Professor.

A PARKED COP CAR

Two cops spot the kids and spill their coffee.

ON THE PROFESSOR

turning around, his eyes grow.

PROFESSOR'S POV

Being chased by hundreds of naked kids. He runs for his life.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Close on the SAME SURLY JUDGE.

SURLY JUDGE

Professor, I know this is the
nineties. I understand that as a
teacher, you must relate to the
students at their level. But, it
would really help this court and this
community, if you could do it **WITH**
YOUR CLOTHES ON!!!

The Judge BANGS the gavel.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The kids rally around the Professor.

STUDENTS

That was great, Professor. You're
insane, man.

(chanting)

Klump! Klump! Klump!

The Professor isn't in any kind of a mood to celebrate. A
frantic Jason makes his way through the pack.

JASON

Professor?

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Jason, I'm sorry. I don't know what
came over me.

JASON

We've got bigger problems, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - DAY

Workers are packing up the lab equipment.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(sotto)

The meeting. I missed the meeting.

JASON

Hartley decided to give the money to Tech. Dean Richmond's shutting us down.

One of the workers starts to cover Shelly.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

No, she doesn't go anywhere. None of the animals go anywhere.

MOVER

Nobody said nothing about leaving no animals.

The Mover grabs Shelly's cage. DERRICK pokes his head in the room.

DERRICK FLACK

I heard somebody was having a sale-- everything must go.

(laughs)

I'm sorry, Sherm. I didn't want it to come to this.

(a mover bangs a wall)

Hey be careful there. That's where my desk is going. Don't you people use pads?

EXT. LAB - DAY

Jason and the Professor sadly watch the trucks pull away. Shelley's face is visible at the back of the truck.

The mover pokes his head out the window.

WORKER

We'll be back for the rest of the equipment on Monday.

And they drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. KLUMP'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

The family sits around a table full of food again. Papa Klump's in the middle of a speech. Sherman isn't eating.

PAPA KLUMP

Nobody playing for the love of the game, anymore. Pass the pork chops, Martha. Money. Two million dollars a year and they don't show up for work. Damn. Pay me two million dollars, I'll put on a helmet and piss giblets!

His dad rambles on, but Sherman is miles away. Mama Klump notices her son's distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLUMP'S PARENTS PORCH - NIGHT

The Professor sits petting the family's huge dog. His mother comes out, sits next to him.

MAMA KLUMP

Haven't said much tonight, son.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Well, Mama. I've got some things I'm thinking about.

MAMA KLUMP

You were always a thinker, baby.
(putting her arm
around him)

But sometimes you just gotta stop thinking and start doing. You know what I'm saying?

Mama Klump and her son look out into the night together.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Sherman places a stack of papers in an envelope.

BUDDY LOVE (O.S.)

Where you going, Tiny?

Sherman turns to see...

BUDDY LOVE

kicked back in a cocky pose, feet up on the Professor's desk.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

I'm bringing the proposal to Harlan Hartley. It may be too late, but I have to try.

BUDDY LOVE

You're not up to it, Shermy.
(raises a vile of
formula)

C'mon, let's take the Lipton Plunge.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Haven't you done enough damage?

BUDDY LOVE

Oh, boo-hoo-hoo. The big bad Dean took away your microscope. I am crushed.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

You couldn't be happy with one girl. You had to have ten.

BUDDY LOVE

Well, lets think, I guess that's better than...

(counting on fingers)

...Zero. You think you could have got Carla? Carla liked me. She was attracted to me.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

She liked me.

BUDDY LOVE

She liked your brain, Sherman. Try having sex with a brain, sometime. It's not that fulfilling, too many ridges.

Buddy gets right in the Professor's face.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Face it, Klump, you are a deep fried grease eating deluxe bucket 'o chicken lickin' waste. Carla got the best of you. Hartley got the best of you. And you won't do shit about it.

(re: the vial)

Now think of it as a milk shake and drink up!

The Professor takes the vile, raises it to his lips.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
That's it, that's it!

The Professor stops himself, SLAMS down the formula.

He turns to Buddy, but it's just an empty chair. He's been alone the entire time.

Sherman gets a look of determination.

CUT TO:

INT. HARTLEY INDUSTRIES - DAY

The Professor marches up to Hartley's SECRETARY.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Excuse me. I'd like to see Mr.
Hartley, please.

SECRETARY
Is he expecting you?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Ah, no. He was, well not me, but a
friend--

SECRETARY
I'm sorry. Mr. Hartley doesn't see
anyone without an appointment.

The Professor slinks away, but then he unexpectedly turns and marches right into the office.

INT. HARTLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A big-wig pow-wow. Hartley sits behind his desk. Sherman enters, the Secretary follows.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Mr. Hartley, I'm very sorry to
interrupt--

HARTLEY
Professor Klump?

SECRETARY
I'm sorry, sir. He just--I couldn't
stop him.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Sir, if I may just have a minute of your time. I have our Grant proposal here--

HARTLEY

I've already made a decision on the grant proposals.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, I know, but--

HARTLEY

You and your colleague, Buddy Love, had ample opportunity to get me your work. And you failed. On two occasions, I might add.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

Yes, sir--

HARTLEY

Now, I'm in the middle of a meeting, Professor, kindly leave.

The Professor stands firm.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

All due respect, Mr. Hartley, but...
No.

Hartley perks up. The Professor breathes deep. He's plunging into new territory here.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(continuing)

Sir, I may not be good at presenting myself. I am not good at explaining things. But I do know this. I know we have been working very hard for a very long time and our results are impressive. We are proud of the work we have done and we would like it to continue.

Stone silence. The others look at Sherman like he's pathetic. Hartley is anything but moved.

HARTLEY

Is that all, Professor?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(defeated)
Ah, yes sir. I'm sorry, I
interrupted, sir.

Sherman turns, leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLMAN CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Chairs, podiums, stages are being erected for graduation.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Sherman's students are taking their final exams.

Sherman looks out the classroom window, sees Carla with a clipboard talking to a handsome teacher, near the stage.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Professor Klump is deleting all the Buddy files. We see
SCREEN after SCREEN flash FILE DELETED.

EXT. BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Sherman, totally wiped out and despondent, walks through the
carnival cheer, heading for the pier.

A LITTLE GIRL with her mother, standing in line for the freak
show, innocently points at Sherman.

LITTLE GIRL
Mommy, is that the fat man?

Embarrassed, the Mother hushes her child. Sherman continues
on, unaffected.

EXT. PIER - NIGHT

Sherman walks to the end of the long pier.

He glances over at the Pierpoint restaurant. A hint of a
smile, remembering Buddy's night with Carla.

He turns to the ocean, approaches the railing, looks down at
the water.

Appearing as he may jump, Sherman then reaches into his coat,
pulls out the last jar of formula and a stack of notes.

He tears the computer print-outs into shreds. The pieces
float to the water below.

Sherman then takes the vile, raises it out over the water.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Say good-bye, Buddy Love.

The Professor goes to dump the formula, but his arm is frozen. He gets a puzzled look on his face.

He tries again... can't move.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing; IN BUDDY
LOVE'S VOICE)
It's not polite to say good-bye to
someone who's just showin' up.

The Professor slaps his hand to his mouth, stopping the words. What's happening to him?

He removes his hand.

PROFESSOR KLUMP/BUDDY'S VOICE
It's over when I say it's over, Fat
Boy.

Involuntarily, the Professor's arm carries the formula to his mouth.

He blocks it with his other arm, but a small amount of formula splashes onto his lips.

PROFESSOR KLUMP/BUDDY'S VOICE
(continuing)
Yes! Love that taste!

The arm holding the formula thins down. The Professor's fat arm struggles against it.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
I am in control here!

PROFESSOR KLUMP/BUDDY'S VOICE
You were in control, Tubman.

Another splash of liquid hits the Professor. The right side of his face slims down.

PROFESSOR KLUMP/BUDDY'S VOICE
(continuing)
Why not let your better half step
forward, Sherman?

A big physical struggle ensues. The Professor and Buddy battle while in the same body.

A BUM sitting on the pier, watches the Professor's psychotic struggle.

BUM
(casual)
Hey, I know how you feel.

The Buddy-arm finally wins, forcing the Professor to drink.

The Professor drops OUT OF FRAME. We hear a COMMOTION.

BUDDY LOVE pops back into frame.

BUDDY LOVE
(maniacal)
Ahhhh! Buddy's back!!

And he's gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. WELLMAN STADIUM - DAY

Pre-graduation. The School Band plays, as parents, teachers, family members take their seats.

Carla is overseeing the event, giving last minute orders to her staff.

DEAN RICHMOND is next to DERRICK. Richmond appears in a foul mood. He notices something.

DEAN RICHMOND'S POV

A limousine pulls up. Harlan Hartley steps out.

DEAN RICHMOND
What in the hell is he doing here?
Rubbing salt in the wound?

Richmond goes over and greets him, putting on a smile.

DEAN RICHMOND
(continuing)
Hello, Harlan. What a surprise. I thought you'd be at Tech's commencement ceremonies today.

HARTLEY
I read a very interesting report this morning, William. From your Professor Klump.

DEAN RICHMOND

Sir, I don't know what he said, but I can assure you, he does not speak for this college...

HARTLEY

I'm giving him the grant.

DEAN RICHMOND

(quickly changes his tune)

...He speaks for the entire town! He is the mouthpiece of the state! What a man, Professor Klump is. What a mind!

HARTLEY

Put a cork in it, William.

CUT TO:

ANGLE - JASON

Milling through the crowd looking for the Professor. He is stopped, stage-side, by Dean Richmond.

DEAN RICHMOND

McKay, where the hell is Klump?

JASON

I don't know, sir.

DEAN RICHMOND

Hartley changed his mind this morning and if that idiot doesn't show, he could very well change it back. Find him! Now!

Jason moves off. Hartley joins the Dean.

HARTLEY

He is coming, isn't he?

DEAN RICHMOND

Of course. You know Professor Klump. He's probably working at this very minute in his lab. Busy, busy, busy.

HARTLEY

I heard you cleaned out his lab.

DEAN RICHMOND

...Spring cleaning, yes. You can never keep a lab too shiny.

HARTLEY

Let me make this clear, William. No Klump. No grant.

CUT TO:

LATER: THE BAND strikes up POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE. Students are lead in procession down the lawn. Still no Sherman.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER: DIGNITARIES and SCHOOL BOARD MEMBERS sit on low bleachers at the rear of the stage. Among them Hartley.

Dean Richmond hands out the diplomas. But he's more concerned about the whereabouts of Professor Klump.

FEMALE PROFESSOR
(calling students
names)

Eric Champanella. Todd Chappel.

He spots Jason in the back--Jason shrugs. No Sherman.

DISSOLVE TO:

STILL LATER:

DEAN RICHMOND hands the last of the students their diplomas.

FEMALE PROFESSOR (V.O.)
Adam Zlotnick.

Hartley looks at his watch. He's growing very impatient.

FEMALE PROFESSOR
Congratulations to all our graduates.

The crowd APPLAUDS. The graduates toss their caps in the air. Hartley gets up to leave.

DEAN RICHMOND
(stalling, grabbing
the podium mike)
And let's keep the applause going.
Actually, it wouldn't hurt to hear
their names one more time. Allan
Abner. Jennifer Acres. Jill Adler.

Everyone looks at the Dean like he's crazy. Harlan's had it. He's leaving.

The Dean tries to stall him.

DEAN RICHMOND

(continuing)

Please. Can I have everyone's attention. We have a very special guest here today. I am of course referring to Mister Harlan Hartley.

HARTLEY

(sotto)

Forget it, Richmond.

THE SOUND OF AIRPLANES OVER HEAD

A couple students point up. They start laughing.

STUDENT'S POV

An airplane with a banner that reads: DEAN RICHMOND HAS NO PENIS .

Kids crack up as word spreads through the crowd. The Dean is livid.

ANGLE ON - ANOTHER PLANE

Skywriting: B-U-D-D-Y L-O-V-E!

Then we see the man himself. BUDDY riding on the wing of a stunt plane, dressed in CAP AND GOWN.

A FAN in the crowd with Binoculars spots him.

FAN

Hey, it's Buddy!

EXT. PLANE - DAY

Buddy dismounts from the wing and jumps!

ANGLE - BUDDY

Standing on a SURFBOARD, Sky-surfing, twisting and turning through the air.

The students go crazy. It's the coolest thing they've ever seen. They begin chanting...

STUDENTS

Buddy! Buddy! Buddy! Buddy!...

POV - FALLING

through the sky, at an incredible rate.

Buddy uses two of his fingers for cross-hairs, lines them up on DERRICK.

BUDDY LOVE
Target locked on. Destination: big,
hairy, butthole.

Buddy opens his chute. It forms TWO HUGE BILLOWY BREASTS.

The kids go crazy!!

ANGLE - BUDDY

Careening through the air, sliding his surfboard across the stage, BODY SLAMMING Derrick, sending him flying.

BUDDY LOVE
Please Derrick, don't get up.

Buddy tosses his chute, raises his arms, the kids CHEER!
Buddy has a crazed look in his eyes.

Jason watches from the crowd, worried.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing; like a
Rock Star)
Wellman college? Are you ready to
Party?!

The crowd chants YEAH!

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
I said are you ready to party!!

CROWD
YEAH!!!

Buddy leans into the microphone.

BUDDY LOVE
It is an honor to be here today,
amongst such distinguished company as
Mr. Harlan Hartley. A brilliant man!
Why just the other day, he was
kneeling down in front of me, and he
said:
(opening mouth in
circular shape)
Hooohooohuuhoouuhooahaaahooo.

Hartley is appalled. Dean Richmond fumes.

DEAN RICHMOND
Call security, I want security!

Buddy addresses the students.

BUDDY LOVE
Now look at all of you gettin' ready
to go out into the world. You want
to know what to expect. You want a
send off speech? I'll give you one.
Life is shit. For the foreign
exchange students: Mairde, Skit,
Skata, Nyantot, and if there are any
infants in the crowd: Caca.

(paces across the
stage)
You either trip and fall in it, get
it dumped on your head, or it could
even get on your lips.

The TUBA PLAYER, sitting with the band, looks up at Buddy.
Buddy smiles back.

BUDDY LOVE
(continuing)
See, it's all part of the big lie.
"Work hard and everything will come
your way." Bullshit! It's not about
how good you are at what you do, it's
how good you look, how good you sell,
how good you kiss ass! Ain't that
right, Dean Richmond?

ON - JASON

In the crowd. He looks closely at Buddy, notices something.

CLOSE ON - BUDDY'S PINKY

It pulsates, starts to swell.

JASON
Oh, no. Not now.

Jason tries to make his way to the stage from the back.

ON STAGE

BUDDY LOVE
There's one way out, and only one way
out.

(more)

BUDDY LOVE (cont'd)

(angry now)

You don't take shit from nobody! You put yourself first! And most importantly,

(looking at Carla)

don't put your heart in anyone else's hands, cause they're gonna toss it in a Vegemetic and hit puree.

The crowd is silent.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Save your applause. I brought plenty of my own approval along.

Jason waves his arms, trying to get Buddy's attention. Buddy plunges onward.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

How many jobs do you think there are out there? That guy next to you isn't your friend, he's your competitor!

Students look at the Students next to them.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Friends for life, HA! These are your enemies! They'll use whatever they can against you. Too fat, too thin, too short, too stupid.

One student says something to another, gets shoved. This sets off a chain reaction.

Students begin pushing students, then a punch. A full-blown riot ensues.

Buddy smiles at the mayhem.

BUDDY LOVE

(continuing)

Yes! Fight the oppressor!

(voice changing to deeper timber)

Take what is, ah...

(back to Buddy)

Take what is yours! It's the...

(back to Professor)

only way, ah...

Buddy gets a worried look, his body begins to undulate.

BOARD MEMBER'S POV - BUDDY'S ASS STRETCHING & PULSATING

They get a worried look, then...

WHAAAAAAM!!! Sherman's ass POPS out, SLAMS into the stands behind him.

The board members topple backwards off the stage.

Everyone stops cold, all eyes on the stage.

ON - BUDDY

His FOREHEAD BEGINS TO EXPAND, DRIPS DOWN IN FRONT OF HIS EYES.

He parts the fat with his hands, tries to continue.

BUDDY LOVE

Don't worry about this, this is nothing...

The crowd watches on in horror, as Buddy's CHEEKS SWELL UP...

THWAT! His entire FACE SLAMS DOWN, RESTING ON THE PODIUM.

One ARM BALLOONS UP, the other SHRINKS TO THE SIZE OF A THIN NOODLE. He flips it around, trying to gain control of his string-like appendage.

WHAM! His BELLY SLAMS OUT, breaking wood off the podium frame.

Every ounce of weight then OOZES DOWN HIS BODY, rests on the stage. He is like a thin man, standing in a pool of blubber.

Finally, the weight pulls back up, perfectly forming and filling out the features of PROFESSOR KLUMP.

The crowd gasps. They don't believe what they have just seen.

Carla watches in awe, her mind spinning.

Everyone just stares at the Professor, waiting.

PROFESSOR KLUMP

(takes a breath)

Ah, if you give me a moment, I think I can try to explain... I started out wanting to help people. But I became desperate, selfish. What I did wasn't right, but...

(more)

PROFESSOR KLUMP (cont'd)
(face tenses)
...to walk down the street and be
looked at with respect.
(beat)
Buddy was who I thought you wanted me
to be. He's who I thought I wanted
to be.

Jason watches the Professor, lowers his head.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing)
I, ah, offer no defense for my
actions. I didn't intend to hurt
anyone, or do anything of an unkind
nature... Learning a lesson in life
is, ah, never really too late. And
ah--

The Professor pauses, looks deeply at Carla.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing)
Sometimes when you want something so
bad, you'll do anything to get it...
(thinks)
Maybe some things we're not meant to
have. Maybe some things are just too
good.

Carla is moved.

PROFESSOR KLUMP
(continuing)
I did learn one thing from Buddy. He
liked himself. I never did. Life is
not about being happy with your
weight, but being happy with
yourself. I'm sorry to have messed
up your big day. Good luck out
there. And don't worry about
becoming somebody. You already are.

The crowd is silent. The Professor starts the long, lonely
walk across the stage.

As he finally reaches the stairs, ONE STUDENT stands and
starts APPLAUDING.

This stops, Sherman.

Other students join in.

Scattered applause builds and spreads. Soon, all stand and cheer.

STUDENTS
Alright, Professor!

Sherman soaks up his moment. Truly touched.

He steps down from the stage, but is cut off by Carla. She looks upset. The applause continues over:

CARLA
What am I supposed to say? I've been right in the middle of this the whole time and you told me nothing. You lied to me, Sherman.

Sherman has no response, he lowers his head.

CARLA
(continuing)
...And you tell me, without honesty, how can a relationship be expected to grow?

This catches Sherman off guard. He looks up, surprised.

Carla smiles.

The two are interrupted by HARLAN HARTLEY.

HARTLEY
Could you control any of those things you said up there?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
No, sir.

HARTLEY
Damn good thing.

DEAN RICHMOND rushes over, interrupts.

DEAN RICHMOND
Harlan, all I can tell you is how intensely disgusted I am, and if it's any consolation at all.
(to Sherman)
You're fired, Klump.

HARTLEY
Perfect. Then rather than awarding the grant to the school.
(more)

HARTLEY (cont'd)
Let's say we make this a personal grant, shall we... It's Sherman isn't it?

PROFESSOR KLUMP
Well, ah, yes sir. That would be terrific, sir.

HARTLEY
Monday, my office. We'll scout up a facility to accommodate you. Don't be late.

DEAN RICHMOND
Fired? Did I leave off the word "up?" I meant to say, "Fired up." I'm fired up!

Hartley walks off. Dean Richmond, follows after, sucking up.

Sherman offers Carla his arm. She takes it and the two walk off together.

CARLA (V.O.)
You know one thing I couldn't stand about Buddy? He was so damn scrawny.

We hear the Professor laugh, and we TILT UP to the sky.

CHYRON: "ONE YEAR LATER"

TILT DOWN:

INT. BANQUET ROOM - DAY

A WEDDING RECEPTION in progress.

Everyone cheers as Sherman carries Carla into the room. Sherman's trimmed down to 275 and looks great in his tux.

Carla takes her bouquet, HEAVES it into the crowd.

DENZEL catches the bouquet. PAPA KLUMP looks at him.

DENZEL
What does that mean? A man can't catch a bouquet! What does that mean?

PAPA KLUMP
It means you a lady!
(laughs)
Denzel the she-she!

GRANNY

That's what happen when you change
your name! Everything go crazy.

PAPA KLUMP

Yeah, you should change it again to
SISSY BOY!

This makes DENZEL JR. laugh, punch streams out his nose.

The BAND starts playing.

We go out on various shots at this great celebration:

SHERMAN and CARLA dance.

SHERMAN'S FAMILY, arms raised in the air, dancing like crazy.

SHERMAN and CARLA cutting the tiniest wedding cake you've
ever seen.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

SHERMAN and CARLA driving off in a Cadillac convertible.
SHELLEY, in cage, riding along. The crowd waves and cheers.

CLOSE ON - MAMA KLUMP

MAMA KLUMP

She does make a beautiful bride, but
that girl is gonna have to learn to
eat.

CUT TO BLACK